

THE Tatler

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from the original by J. G. Fennie

THE AGE OF ELEGANCE . . .

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Lace in detail

Green lace figures strongly in this strapless dress by Ricci Michaels—over an underskirt of primrose net. Other evidence much in favour: cunningly stiffened bustline... stunningly bunched waistline, with a contrasting cummerbund of dark green organza. Accessories? Shoes innocently pointed, gloves wickedly long.



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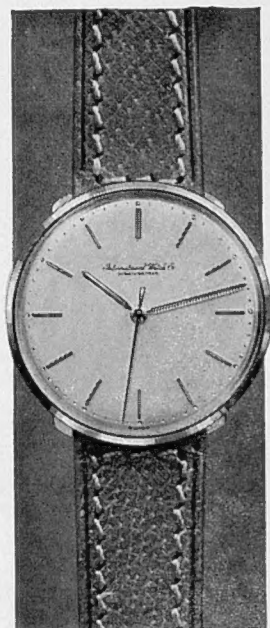
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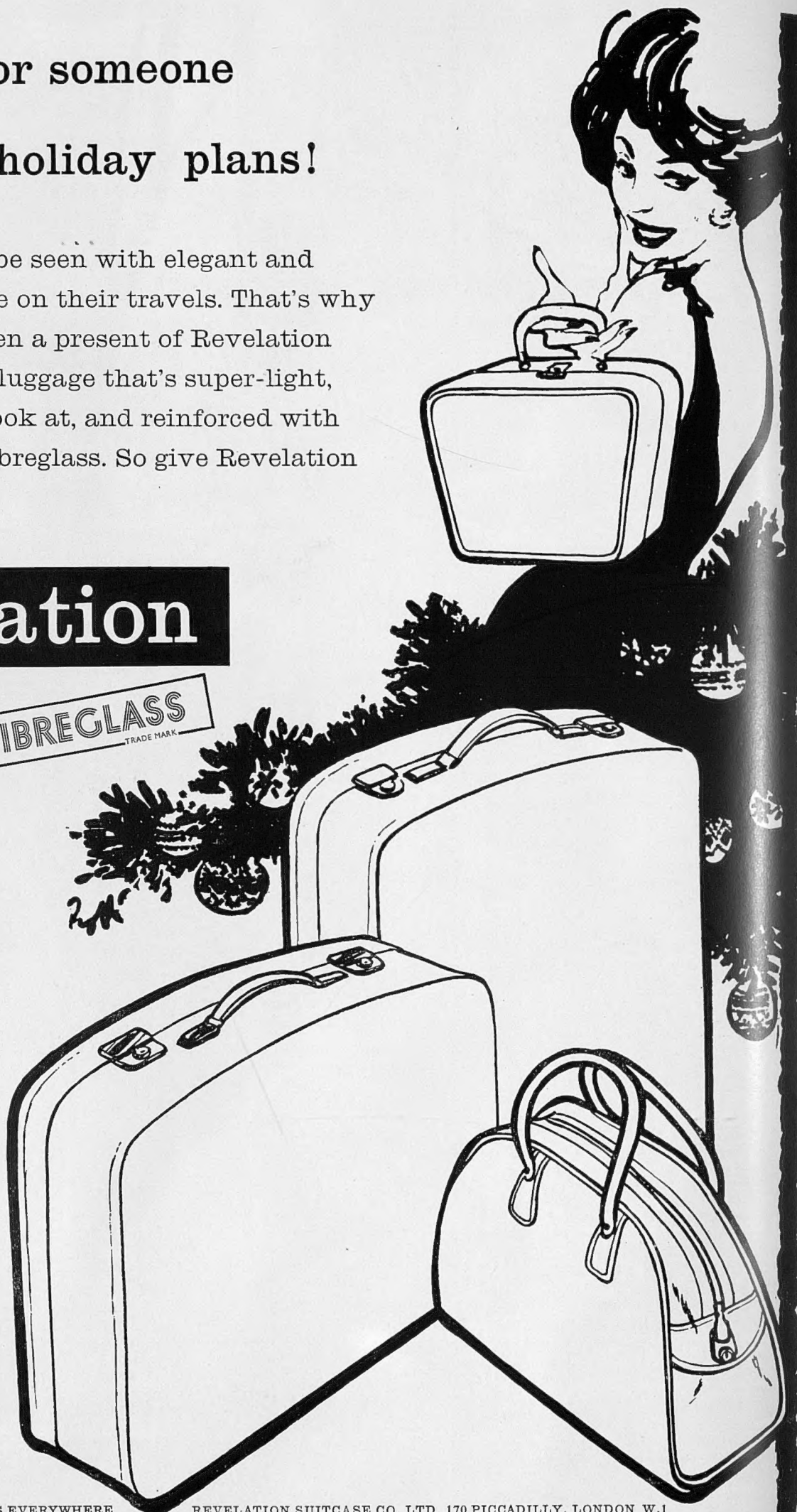
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GOING PLACES

compiled by John Mann

Fur, Foxhunting and Feiffer . . . the three F's seem to dominate this week's mixture. The COVER FEATURE (pages 347 to 353) is about the *Fur Furore*, the big comeback of fur in this season's fashions. *Foxhunting* is back in the news, with the start of a new season, and the opening meet of the Bramham Moor Hunt is reported by Muriel Bowen (page 330 *et seq.*). And *The Famous Feiffer?* This original American cartoonist has been visiting Britain, and Alan Vines photographed him. An interview by David Smith, accompanied by some unpublished Feiffer drawings, appears on pages 340-1.

The visit of Princess Alexandra gave a fillip to social life in Australia and on pages 336-9 Tom Hustler portrays *Social Sydney*. . . . A more familiar capital is Paris, whence St. John Donn-Byrne sends a wry report on the after-holiday mood (page 346). . . . A new contributor, Christian Fairfax, has some refreshing pictures (pages 343-5).

Next week: Have yourself a Thanksgiving! . . . (better just wait and find out what this is all about).

Tomorrow: The **CHRISTMAS NUMBER** is on sale, price 3s. 6d. For sending abroad, order through the Circulation Manager (postage 6d.).

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Change of address: The editorial, circulation and advertising offices of this magazine are moving from 195 Strand, W.C.2. Beginning next Monday, 16 November, we'll be at:

INGRAM HOUSE
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OUT OF DOORS Lord Mayor's Show, London. 14 November.

Racing: Manchester November Handicap. 14 November.

R.A.C. International Rally. Start, Blackpool: Finish, Crystal Palace. 17-21 November.

Rugby. Second Test Match, Britain v. Australia, Headingley, Leeds. 21 November.

MUSICAL Royal Festival Hall. Concert performance of Busoni's *Dr. Faust*, with Fischer-Dieskau in the title rôle, and the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. 7.30 p.m., 13 November. (WAT 3191.)

Covent Garden Opera. *Salome* (in German) with Inghe Borkh. 7.30 p.m. 13, 16, 18 November. *Un Ballo In Maschera*, last performance 14 November. 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. Fonteyn in *Ondine*, 19 November. 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

ART "Men of Free Enterprise." Portraits of important industrialists. The Hans Galleries, Duke St., S.W.1. To 13 November.

Society of Marine Artists Exhibition, Guildhall Art Gallery. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., to 21 November.

Manchester Arts Festival. To 28 November.

EXHIBITIONS Scottish Motor Exhibition, Kelvin Hall, Glasgow. 13-21 November.

British Sailor Exhibition. National Book League, Albemarle St., W.1. To 23 December.

London Medical Exhibition, R.H.S. New Hall, Westminster. 16-20 November.

FIRST NIGHTS Old Vic. *Richard II.* 17 November. Prince of Wales. *The World of Suzy Wong.* 17 November.

Royal Court. *Rosmersholm.* 18 November.

Adelphi. *Cyrano de Bergerac.* 18 November.

CHARITY EVENTS Red Cross Fair (Westminster Division). Rootes' Showrooms, Piccadilly, 16, 17 November. (Opening 12 noon, 16th).

Y.M.C.A. Fair, Londonderry House, Park Lane, 18 November. (Opening 11 a.m.)

Cosmos Ball, Oxford Town Hall, 16 November. Double tickets, £3 3s. from D. R. Palmer, Trinity College. (For World Refugee Year.)

Swedish Christmas Fair, Swedish Hall, Harcourt St., W.1. 13 November, for the Swedish Women's Relief Fund. (Opening 11 a.m. by the Queen of Sweden.)

HUNT BALLS Cotswold, 13 November; South Oxfordshire (Phyllis Court, Henley-on-Thames), Avon Vale, Chiddingfold & Leconfield (Petworth House), Enfield Chase (Red Lion, Hatfield), Rochdale & Pennine (Rochdale Town Hall), 20 November.

PRaised PLAYS From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 358.

Make Me An Offer. "... the story has a narrative tension that is rare in an English musical . . . brilliant stagecraft . . . extremely funny." Daniel Massey, Diana Coupland, Meier Tzelniker, Dilys Laye. (Theatre Workshop, MAR 5973. To 28 November.)

The Grass Is Greener. "... lightest and most assured touch . . . amusing artifice . . . acted with extreme finesse." Hugh Williams, Rachel Gurney, Joan Greenwood. (St. Martin's Theatre, TEM 1443.)



FANCIED FILMS From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 359.

G.R. = General release

North West Frontier. "... splendidly exciting . . . I don't think you will find a more enjoyable or satisfying film anywhere." Kenneth More, Lauren Bacall, Herbert Lom. (G.R.)

The Rabbit Trap. "... I found this a touching and endearing film . . . Mr. Borgnine giving, like the rest of the cast, an exceptionally fine performance." Ernest Borgnine, Kevin Corcoran, Bethel Leslie. (G.R.)



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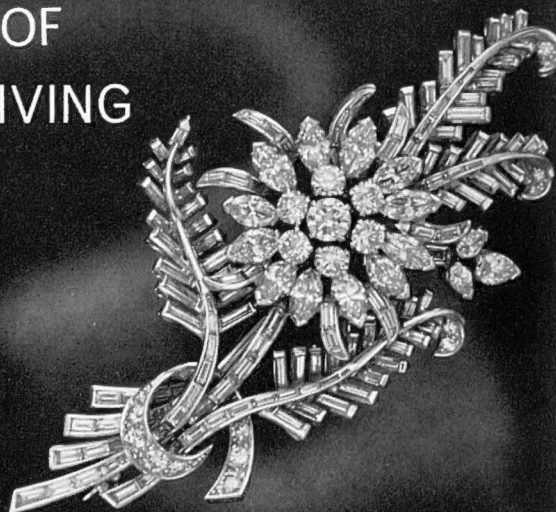
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F. J. Goodman



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Heather Craufurd

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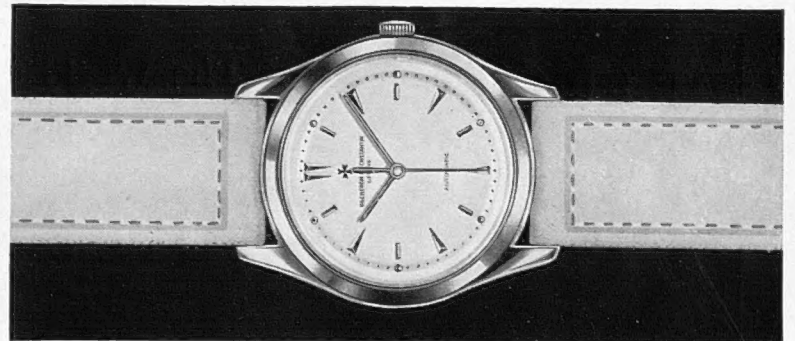
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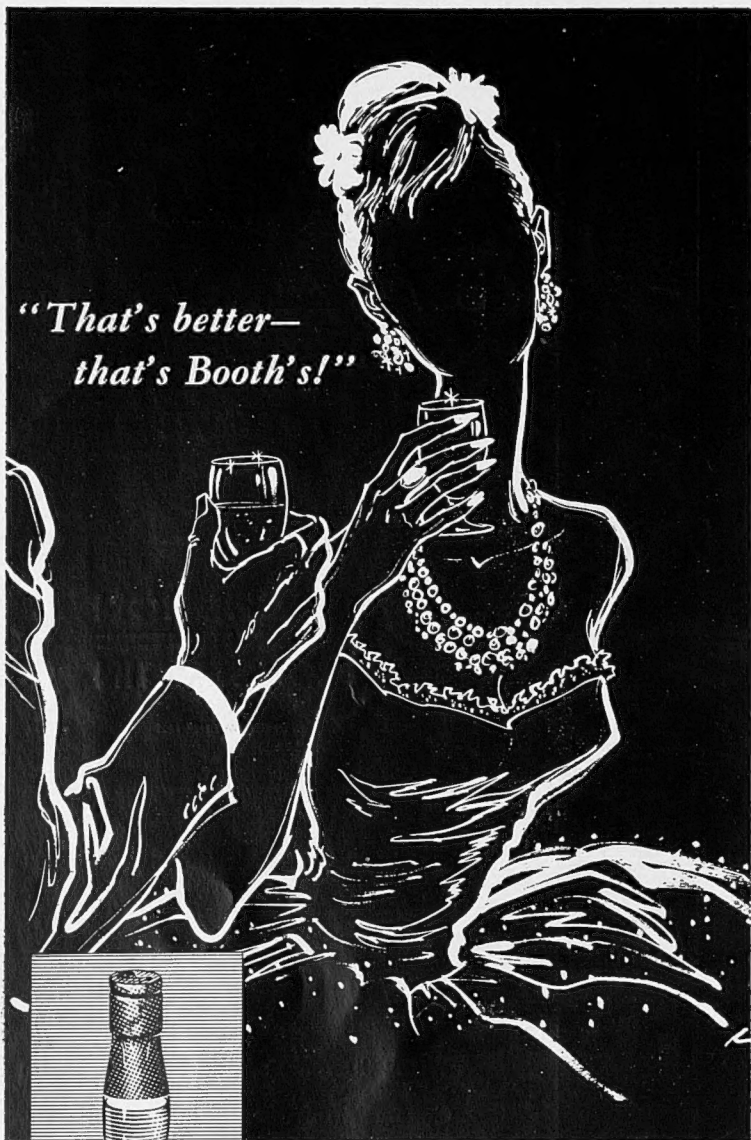
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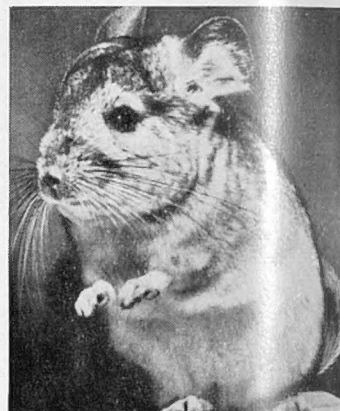
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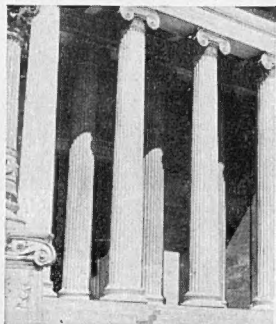


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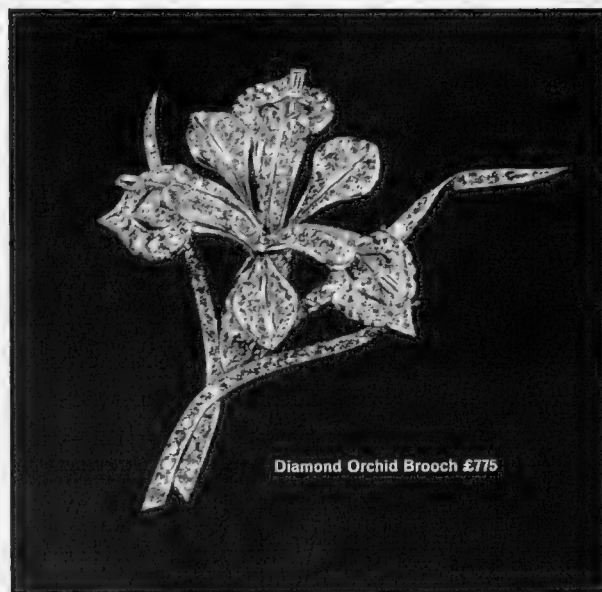
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WEDDINGS

Engagements on page 368



Dowding—Todhunter: Caroline Francesca, daughter of Major & Mrs. William W. Dowding, of Manningford Bruce, Wiltshire, married Michael John Benjamin, son of Brig. & Mrs. E. J. Todhunter, of Harlow, Essex, at Holy Trinity, Brompton, S.W.7



Harper—Sargent: Sally Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Kenneth & Lady Harper, of Eaton Square, S.W.1, married Capt. Eric Joseph Sargent, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Sargent, of Morden Road, Blackheath, S.E.3, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, S.W.1



Spalazzi—Groves: Flavia, daughter of the Italian Ambassador to Korea and the Marchesa Spalazzi, married John Clifford, son of the late Brig.-Gen. P. R. C. Groves, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Groves, at the church of San Onofrio, Rome



Wright—Hibbert: Jennifer, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. R. Wright, of Lyonshall, Herefordshire, married Capt. John Hibbert, Shropshire Light Infantry, son of Col. & Mrs. A. Hibbert, Hall Mote, Wootton, Herefordshire, at St. Michael & All Angels', Lyonshall

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11 NOVEMBER 1959

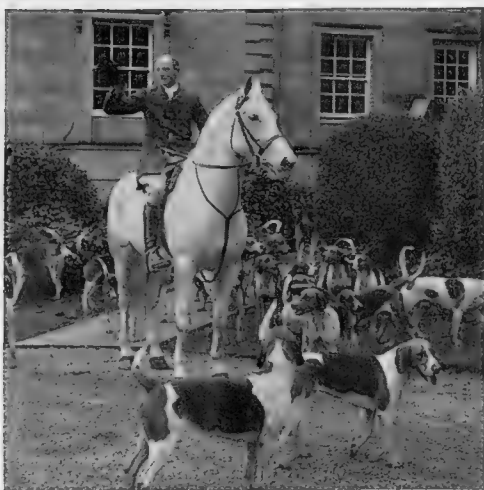


The season's first stirrup cup for Mr. Eric Forsett (left) and Sir Alfred Aykroyd, Bt., a former Master of the hunt

The hunts move off . . .

MURIEL BOWEN reports the opening meet of the Bramham Moor

First day out and a kill for the Bramham Moor



Major Dormer Treffry, Master of the Bramham Moor, and a former Master of the Aldershot Beagles



Mrs. Jack Gilpin was one of the few women riding side-saddle. Her husband was also hunting



Mr. "Gunner" Wellburn and Mr. Lawson Snowden, organizer of the H. Wood Horse Trials

WHAT A SIGHT IT WAS AS THE Bramham Moor opened the season at Stockeld Park, near Wetherby, the home of Mr. Gerald Foster. More than 100 riders spread out on the russet-tinted Yorkshire Dales.

Hounds were quickly away on a fox from the Park woods. The Hon. Lady Parkinson, elegant side-saddle on her big creamy chestnut "Archie," nipped over a post and rail off the road. Major Tony Hudson, Miss Nora Sugden, and Mr. Denis Ward (on a racy-looking bay) followed her.

Barry Swaine



Muriel Bowen

The hounds—big, tough-looking customers (Lord Irwin advises on their breeding)—were giving tremendous cry, and the echo was reaching far down into the valley.

Then a check, plus a welcomed bit of advice for the visitor. "There's a handy gate down there,"

said a tall, sparse man in ratcatcher, pointing his whip. "The brook I wouldn't have anything to do with unless you have to—it's quite an item." My Good Samaritan was Sir Alfred Aykroyd, Bt., the banker and industrialist. His advice hadn't come a moment too soon. "Blaze," my horse for the day, had just sent the timbers of a fence flying.

"Don't worry," said Major Dormer Treffry, the Master, later. "If it had been a gate we'd have fined you £5, but rails . . . we just mend them." Masters in some parts of the United States where I have hunted would not have been so generous. I'd have been fined \$5 on the spot. They haven't been jumping gates much recently with the Bramham, but this isn't because Yorkshiremen are losing any of their famed assertiveness. From what Major Treffry, a Cornishman, tells me, the Bramham followers can be splendidly extrovert at times.

Anyway I don't think that they would break many gates. Mr. & Mrs. Jack Gilpin (she riding side-saddle), Sir Henry & Lady Lawson-Tancred, Miss Gillian Burnham, Mrs. Brenda Butler, Mr. Geoffrey Hustler, and Mrs. Rosamonde Gough—the chic

daughter of our host—were all going well up and over. There was some superb riding. Miss Joan Makin, a willowy blonde, calmly took a line of her own over the stout railings of the park as the rest of us jostled through a ride in the wood. She was riding her dappled grey show-jumper, "Wild Prairie," an ex-steeplechaser. Then there was 14-year-old Miss Penny Addy-Jibb, of the Pony Club, going with great determination on a little dun pony, "Tiger." There was an impressive field of young riders from the Pony Club, all well drilled by Mrs. George Armitage, wife of the Leeds surgeon.

It was a good day's sport. A kill ("I hear this particular fox had eaten a lot of chickens," said Major Treffry) in the morning and 30 minutes as hard as everybody could go in the afternoon. It would have been better still if our fox hadn't crossed the path of a shooting syndicate in the middle of the day.

These shooting syndicates are now becoming so numerous, especially in Yorkshire (and in Berkshire and Hampshire), that they're becoming a menace to Saturday hunting for the better part of the season.

THE NIGHT BEFORE...

The members of the Yorkshire Ouse Sailing Club, of which Mr. Michael Shaw is the commodore, whooped it up in the Merchant Taylors' Hall in the City of York the night before the opening meet. The sailors were celebrating the 21st birthday of their club, which was founded by Cmdr. George Palmes, squire of the village of Naburn. The commander thought it would be fun to have a sailing club on the river that flows past his house. Now, looking back, he says. "Starting a club is like matrimony... simple at first." Anyway the commander's marriage of the professional and



Miss Angela Spar-Musgrave, whose parents live at Wetherby, drinking a stirrup cup

business men of Yorkshire to sailing boats has been a great success. Just look at the variety of the members.

Mr. Shaw, the commodore, is a young businessman who came to within 47 votes of winning Brighouse & Spenborough for the Tories in the general election. . . . Dr. Alan Johnston is a professor at Leeds University . . . and Mr. John Glover Wyllie, the sailing secretary, runs a Mayfair estate agency.

The old club-house on the Ouse (it's marvellously converted out of a smithy used for the barge horses) now boasts the biggest open sailing meet in the North of England, and the anniversary dinner-dance brought together rivals and admirers. Mr. R. Arnold-Baker, commodore of the White Rose Sailing Club, & Mrs. Arnold-Baker were there, and so too were Mr. M. L. Dadswell, the industrialist (just back from Scandinavia) & Mrs. Dadswell, both of the West Riding Sailing Club, and that ebullient medico Dr. Robin Steavenson, who is commodore of the Tynemouth Sailing Club, with Mrs. Steavenson.

"Running a small boat is no more expen-

continued overleaf



Some of the field watch the hounds draw a covert. Because there has been little frost yet, the country is still very overgrown

PHOTOGRAPHS : DESMOND O'NEILL

Rupert Lawson-Tancred and his aunt Mrs. Rosamonde Gough. Her father Mr. Gerald Foster is the owner of Stockeld Park



Sir Henry Lawson-Tancred, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Parkinson (her husband, Sir Kenneth, is a former Master of the Bramham Moor)



Viscountess Davidson, her sister the Hon. Mrs. Butterwick, and Mr. Cyril Butterwick, a director of Sotheby's. The Viscountess was for 22 years M.P. for Hemel Hempstead, but did not stand at the last election

LONDON: YORKSHIREMEN HOLD THEIR ANNUAL EVENING

sive than running the motor bike ridden by the butcher's boy," the doctor told me. He's got four boats (he's twice won the Burton Trophy for the National Dinghy Championships) and he's built them all himself . . . in the mornings before surgery.

Nothing in the way of bad weather stops them at Tynemouth. They sail all the year round. "They told me not to bother with yachting caps and that sort of stuff when I go up in a few weeks time," Mr. **Roger Wilkinson** of the Yorkshire Ouse told me. "I understand mittens and balaclavas are the things to have."

It was amusing to see Mr. Raymond Perry, the honorary secretary, & Mrs. Perry, Mr. John Waddington, Mr. Philip Kendal and other members of the Yorkshire Ouse, being so very *social*. One always thinks of the Yorkshire Ouse as essentially a *sailors'* club—there's no cocktail bar at the club house and no steward to make the tea (though the electric kettle has not been known to break down). But the dinghy jetties are well planned, and the mound of yachting publications lavishly dog-eared.

. . . AND DOWN SOUTH

In London, too, Yorkshiremen were celebrating, and what good hosts they make. At the Society of Yorkshiremen's Diamond Jubilee dinner at the Dorchester *two* charming men were detailed to entertain me! There was no Yorkshire pudding, but a new star among after-dinner speakers was discovered, the **Ven. H. B. Graham**, Archdeacon of Richmond. "Yorkshiremen are like jam," said the Venerable cleric, slowly warming to



Lord McCorquodale of Newton, chairman of the prominent printing firm, and Sir John Masterman



The Ven. H. B. Graham, Archdeacon of Richmond, Yorks, and Lord Savile, Society president



Mr. Maurice & the Hon. Mrs. Macmillan. The Prime Minister's son is M.P. for Halifax



Sir Peter Roberts, Bt., & Lady Roberts. Sir Peter is a former Master Cutler of Sheffield

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



Mr. Geoffrey Seymour-Wilkinson, captain of the club, and Mrs. A. d' I. Warr-King. The dinner was in York's historic Merchant Taylors Hall, and during the evening racing trophies were presented

YORK: OUSE SAILORS HOLD A CLUB DINNER-DANCE

his subject. "A little bit can be made to go a long way."

He cast a spectacled eye up the table and identified "a piety of Mayors" and, down the other way, "a gabble of generals"—Major-Gen. K. G. Exham (Colonel of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment), Major-General A. E. Robinson (Colonel of the Green Howards), and Brigadier C. G. Robins (Colonel of the York & Lancaster Regiment) were sitting there with their wives. They fidgeted with their forks and looked uneasy.

"I don't know what this society thinks about generals," went on the archdeacon, "but I like to say to the generals, I think you've all got jolly good jobs and mind you stick to them!"

Introduced Mr. Charles E. Brook, the chairman, Mrs. Brook, Lady Illingworth, the Hon. Martin & Mrs. Fitzalan-Howard, Mr. & Mrs. Denis McNair, and Mr. & Mrs. H. O. H. Coulson enjoying the archdeacon's sallies.

The name and fame of Yorkshire brought together many distinguished people, including Viscountess Davidson, who had spent the morning moving into her new house on Chiswick Mall, Lord Savile who presided, Mr. & Mrs. James Hanson, Lord & Lady Milner of Leeds, Sir John Masterman ("in everything Yorkshiremen do they have great resource—if the fast bowler can't get the wickets the spin bowler is put up"), and Mrs. E. B. Lumley-Robinson who presides over the Yorkshiremen of Kent.

LONDON PARTIES IN BRIEF

SIMPSON'S SERVICES CLUB: It is unusual for members of the Royal Family to lunch at



Dr. R. S. Steavenson, commodore of the Tynemouth S.C., twice winner of the national Burton Trophy



Mr. Michael Shaw, the commodore, & Mrs. M. L. Dadsell, wife of the W. Riding S.C. commodore



Miss L. Geddes-Brown and her father Dr. D. Geddes-Brown. They sail an Enterprise yacht



Mr. & Mrs. R. Arnold-Baker. He is commodore of the White Rose Sailing Association

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

FLOWER PAINTINGS ON SHOW

Mrs. Michael Hornby at the Trafford Gallery



The artist, her husband and their daughter look at the visitors' book



The Duke of Marlborough



Right: The Rt. Hon. Nigel Birch, M.P.

Major & Mrs. Guy Knight



The Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava (left), Princess Joan Aly Khan and Mr. Charles Harding, director of the gallery



MURIEL BOWEN

continued

a London store, and when Prince Philip and The Princess Royal lunched at Simpsons of Piccadilly there was a special reason for it. During the war **Dr. S. Leonard Simpson**, the shop's chairman, made a suite of rooms on the top of the building available as a club for British and Allied officers. Last week the club, which is still going strong, had its 20th birthday; hence the luncheon. Forces chiefs, headed by **Earl Mountbatten of Burma**, were there, with many ex-Servicemen who had known the club in wartime. "It was a place constantly being mentioned by one's friends during the war; they all seemed to come here," said **Group Officer Jean Conan Doyle** opposite me. "Such a cheerful place, too," echoed **Mrs. E. F. Deller**, a wartime Wren who is now Lady Superintendent at the Royal Academy of Music. Tributes were generous and generous.

FLOWER-PAINTING SHOW: **Mrs. Michael Hornby**, who is the **Marchioness of Blandford's** mother, has achieved overnight success

as a painter. Within four days of her one-woman show opening at the Trafford Gallery in Mount Street, 31 of the 41 flower paintings on exhibition were sold. "I'm thrilled—I can't get over the way they've gone," a delighted **Mrs. Hornby** told me. "I used to wonder whether they were good enough to give as Christmas presents, but I'll think twice before giving them this Christmas."

Princess Joan Aly Khan bought four, and **Lady Marriott** two. The men, too, were among the buyers. **Col. John Ward**, who is **Mrs. Hornby's** cousin, bought one and so did **Mr. Antony Hornby**, who has one of the finest collections of French Impressionists in the country. But I noticed at the opening that **Mrs. Hornby's** sisters, the **Countess of Ilchester** and **Countess Paul Munster** weren't seeking out gallery staff armed with those little red tabs. "They're not likely to buy," quipped their sister. "They get them as presents."

CHARITY CONCERT: When **Princess Alice**

went to the Gala Concert of the Victoria League she made the comment that was on everybody's lips. Turning to **Mary, Duchess of Devonshire**, she said: "Fancy seeing *two* redheads in the same concert!" Not only are **Miss Eileen Joyce** and **Miss Joan Sutherland** redheads, but both are Australian-born. It is in the last year that Londoners have come to marvel at the lesser known of the two, **Miss Sutherland**. Indeed, it's only a couple of years ago since she was described as giving "performances of great promise" within the walls of the Royal College of Music. On this occasion she thrilled a packed house.

The concert, a benefit for The Victoria League and its numerous Commonwealth projects, attracted people from many walks of life. **Lady Adeane** (wife of the Private Secretary to the Queen) was there and others were, **Sir Edward Boyle, M.P.**, **Major & Mrs. Tattersall Wright**, **Sir Cuthbert & Lady Ackroyd**, **Princess Iris Galitzine**, **Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Boggan**, and **Lady Mountevans**.

BRIGGS by Graham





Miss Dimity Davies, daughter of a leading Sydney advertising executive, stands on the site (left) of the city's new opera house, with the famous harbour bridge behind. She has spent some time in London, as has Miss Margo McKendry (far left), who has had an international success as a model.



Mrs. Waller McGrath is an inveterate party goer and giver, even though she has five children all of whom were under 2½ when Tom Hustler photographed them. Far left: Miss Jan Williams wears a stole made of Australian fur, watermole. The international signpost is the Pylon Lookout on Sydney Bridge. Miss Williams has a job at Mark Foys, Sydney's leading fashion store.

SOCIAL SYDNEY

Photographed by
TOM HUSTLER

It's a growing and bustling city and there seems to be plenty of money around. New buildings, in the slab-sided international style, are going up, and the streets are full of new cars (of many nationalities). Sydney's leading citizens are mostly people who have made a success of tapping Australia's vast natural resources and they lead a pretty social, if hectic, life. There are many informal parties and a lot of gay younger people—nearly all of whom study or have jobs. An Australian friend told me that there are also many tea parties where the older generation of ladies spend most of the time admiring each other's hats. I did not go to one of these.—TOM HUSTLER.

Miss Prue Patten (opposite) was treasurer of the Golden Ball which Princess Alexandra attended. She is an art student and attends the Technical College (the building in the picture). It was once a prison and convicts helped to build it.



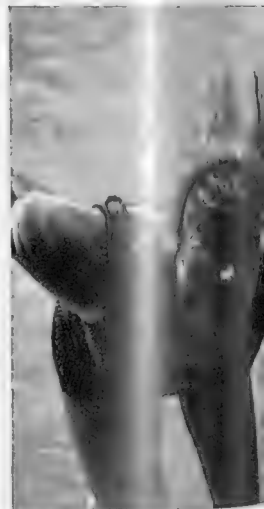
SOCIAL SYDNEY

continued



Weekend rendezvous for social Sydneysiders is Whale Beach, where many have villas. Mr. Pierson owns Jonah's Restaurant there

Weekend diversion for many of the social set is boating. At Newport Harbour yachts and motor-launches are moored through the week



Farther afield, at Surfers Paradise in Queensland (near Brisbane), is the Chevron Hotel, typical of modern holiday hotels going up along this fine coast. One of its two pools has observation windows, through which peeps Miss Beverly Behsman from Sydney

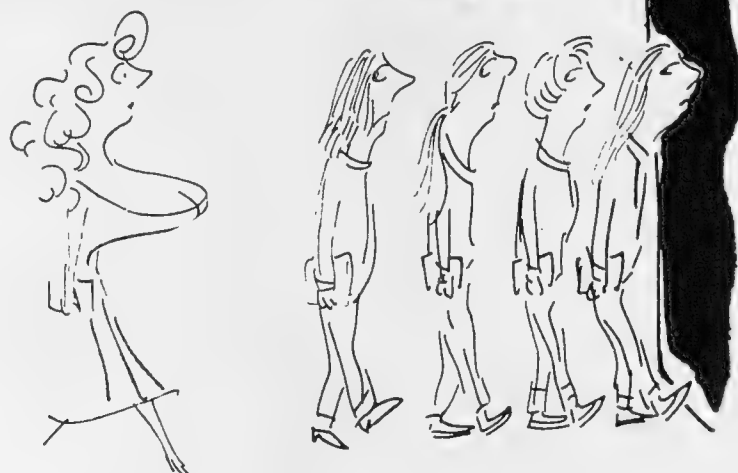
Right: *Lady Hall Best* is Sydney's most fashionable interior decorator. She owns a delightful shop selling such things as aboriginal paintings, modern pottery, and Japanese lanterns. Below: At an impromptu party, Miss Barbara Potter, whose father is chairman of the Australian Jockey Club, with Mr. Robert Sanders and Miss Joy Leslie



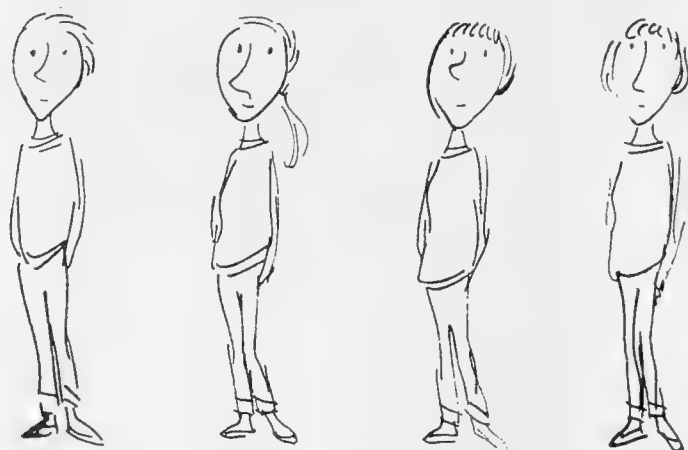
Big-business man is Sir Hodson Fysh, an aviation pioneer, seen in the boardroom of Qantas Empire Airways, of which he is chairman and managing director. Right: Unmistakable reminder that this is *Down Under* comes from the window of *Lady Hall Best's* shop, urging customers that Christmas presents for Europe should be posted in October



JULES FEIFFER, whose cartoons already have a cult following, is to publish in Britain soon *Passionella*, a cartoon storybook about a "non-confident" female chimney sweep who becomes a movie siren. These drawings record her arrival at acting school



Now, the 'Inner Me Acting Academy' was where all the movie stars went to learn how to act. It could take young, pretty, dimple cheeked starlets -



And after months of study teach them how to act like:



confused juvenile delinquents - disillusioned drug addicts - sensitive gun fighters - misunderstood Nazis

THE FAMOUS FEIFFER

Interviewed by David Smith and photographed by Alan Vines

What surprised you most in England?

How at home I felt here. This is my first visit and what surprised me more than anything else was the reception I received.

Did you know the extent to which you had been taken up over here?

I had heard stories, but I didn't think it would be this fantastic. It was overwhelming.

Was anything else different from what you expected?

London was pretty much as I expected. I expected to like it for pretty much the reasons that I did. Except I expected it to be much stranger than it is. I guess living in New York, which is a big cosmopolitan city, prepares you for almost all other cosmopolitan cities as long as the language is similar. Paris I felt very ill at ease in and didn't particularly care for. But London I love. I had heard the scenic beauty in England was its rolling small-scale Constable-like countryside. I have just come back from a five-day motoring trip with a friend. We went through Wales, we went through the Cumberland Lake region and they have some grand-scale mountains. And another thing—why didn't anyone ever tell us about London girls? They're prettier, sexier-looking and better-built than anything I have seen in Paris. They're just wild.

Do you enjoy doing advertising work? I have seen some things of yours.

You won't see any more. I don't like advertising. The things you saw were in a script form, which I decided was a mistake. I will do single-drawing ads., simply because what I am known for is not single drawings without captions—so I don't mind taking very nice advertising money to do a drawing which will not be mistaken for my approval of any product . . . I think the field is primarily a lie and I would rather have as little connection as possible

Which other cartoonists do you like?

Oh, there are a number. The cartoonist in America I have admired for many years is Walt Kelly who does *Pogo*—I don't know if that's seen over here. I admire Steinberg very much. Ronald Searle's drawings I like quite a bit . . . some of the books of William Steig.

Have you anything new coming out?

I am doing a musical version of *Passionella* . . . it's my first attempt to do anything outside the cartoons and I am very excited about it.

What about Bernard?

Oh, he's a composite of a number of defeated and semi-defeated people . . . there's no such thing as a real person in the book. But I hope there are surveys of real attitudes. . . .

This is rather a deeper one. Do you feel your drawings help people to see themselves and decide about issues?

No, I don't think anything helps people do anything. And if I were doing it with any such desire I would be too busy consciously being a Messiah to say anything at all valuable. So long as I keep thinking of this book as my particular private document (which other people can look at and get whatever they like out of it) it may have some value.





*The
Social
Alphabet* **P** *for Part-timer*

Busy! Good Heavens, you haven't a clue how hard we work at Lloyd's!
 What a time I had arranging a rate for Jeremy's Polaroids.
 He's a client of mine and a charming host, and the fishing was at its peak,
 And one gains so much
 With a personal touch—
 So I stayed at his place for a week.

One's got to chivvy one's chums along when it comes to a bit of biz.
 One hints, and hopes, and chews one's beard—oh, Lord, what a game it is!
 But I always find a prospective case of the vague and fluid sort
 Is best congealed
 On the hunting field
 Or over a glass of port.

So I'm up to my eyes, and down the drain, and running around in rings,
 With a cricket tour, and partridges, and the usual round of things.
 No, I never go near an office desk, or mix with the City slouchers—
 But tomorrow I must,
 If only just
 To collect my luncheon vouchers.

Francis Kinsman



'There are auctioneers of more than 70 still going strong . . .'



SELLING-UP SEASON DOWN ON THE FARM

Photographed & described by Christian Fairfax

AUTUMN IS THE SEASON (ALONG WITH SPRING) OF farm dispersal sales. Farms have changed hands and now comes the turn of "live and dead farming stock," as the phrase is. In a way the sales have something of the air of a point-to-point. They are exciting—if you get auction fever they can be dangerous. They are invariably held in pleasant places, and they somehow give the impression of belonging to the past. No one ever seems in a

hurry. People prefer to meditate or just stand and stare and possibly gossip. The sales are not, it must be admitted, always easy to find. They can be hidden down unlikely lanes through which you have to find your way by instinct alone. They are supposed to be signposted, but the signs tend to be even more remote than the lanes—and on the whole inquiring the way will probably produce little more than an argument about whether you turn right or left.

At all dispersal sales there are moments of nostalgia and sadness. If there are horses, tenderly bedecked for the last time by the teamman, standing waiting their turn in cobweb-ridden old stables, one wonders a little if their purchaser will be the knacker. And their harness does look painfully forlorn lying on the ground awaiting a bid of five bob or so.

They're a patient crowd at farm sales, and move from lot to lot with splendid decorum. They bid with meditative care, even when it's only a matter of 35 bob for an old binder, and they don't get excited about hundreds of pounds for a combine,



"People meditate . . . or just stand and stare"

though someone may spit in disgust. Everything is examined, if for purchase as secretly as possible, if out of curiosity most critically. Drills are always studied. Only the most methodical man can keep a combine drill in good condition. It's interesting to see the result of his efforts.

It's a healthy occupation, and auctioneers of over 70 are still going strong. The "Office" is usually worth noting. It seldom has the manner

of a place where several thousand pounds will change hands before the day is out. And you'll find great courtesy there, even if you've only bought Lot 2 ("A quantity of old timber") because you thought it would help with the fire in the winter. You only spent ten shillings, but they'll go to endless trouble to find you a carter to fetch it home. No, the world hasn't quite caught up with farm sales.

"Drills are always studied . . ."

"You'll find great courtesy, even over a lot of old timber"



"Waiting their turn in cobweb-ridden stables"

"They're a patient crowd . . ."

"Their harness does look forlorn"



"They bid carefully, even for an old 35s. ... er"

Above right: *"No excitement about a big bid for a combine"*

SELLING-UP SEASON DOWN ON THE FARM

continued

"In the office thousands of pounds may change hands"



A cup of coffee on the Gare de Lyon

ST. JOHN DONN-BYRNE reports from Paris.

THIS IS ABOUT THE IMPACT OF PARIS AFTER SOME WEEKS IN THE sunny south. Down in the wine country of Herault life is a sort of permanent canter to the start. Once back in Paris the starters flag comes down, the gate goes up, the bell rings in the stand and one is off. I got back by train, just before eight o'clock in a grey morning's drizzle.

My return, as the phrase is here, announced itself badly. People in my carriage who had been exuberant in their winey farewelleries the night before now took on a suspicious, competitive city hue and jostled each other to be first off the train. Where they had just been wine-up the night before they were now wound-up and testy. A woman trod on my heel and hurried past. A porter told me that by carrying my own bag I was practically condemning the working classes to starvation. A preoccupied girl in a red coat stood immovable on the platform and I had to inch my way past her. On top of these things the man at the paper stand corrected my French accent. My morale was now so low that the thought of the taxi queue or Metro rush-hour made no sense at all, and I sat down at the platform café to sort the papers out and catch up on metropolitan events.

They seemed intimidating. I may say that just 24 hours before I had looked out across the vineyards, which were now taking the colour of their particular grapes in shades of russet. The white-grape plantations were turning to light orange, the red-wine vines were going really red and the *hybrides* were following a non-committal course. All the summer the vineyards stretch away in uniform green. Autumn breaks them down into their true colours and it makes for very pretty rectangular patterns. Also it somehow makes for calm... and this is not the mood of the Gare de Lyon on a weekday morning.

From the journals I noticed that French films were still holding their own in the 291 Paris cinemas, but only by about a 5-to-4 ratio against the Hollywood product. England, Italy, Sweden and Russia also ran. Brigitte Bardot is still a social phenomenon. *Orfeu Negro* and *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* (pretty indigestible stuff, both) still keep their audiences stuck to the seats of the Champs-Elysees' best cinemas. And so on... nothing to match the grace of wild swans flying, as Edna St. Vincent Millay said. What about the theatre?

At this point in research I noticed that the girl in the red coat (the platform-blocker girl) was now leaning against a pillar and crying. So as not to have to watch her, I turned my chair around to the next table and was continuing my coffee there when my waiter reappeared blaring contumely and abuse. How is one to know the technicalities of another's trade? It seemed I'd moved from his

waiter orbit into that of another waiter, an appalling if not capital crime. I said coldly that I had moved because the sight of the girl's tears was ruining my breakfast. He saw my point at once. He was shifting me back to his own table, with the chair differently arranged, when the second waiter came out of the kitchen and began to cut up even rougher.

"What do you mean by moving my client to one of your tables?" he said truculently.

The first waiter explained. "Ah yes," said the second waiter, looking at the girl (who was now pressing tight fists to her eyes in some crisis of despair), "love is painful."

"Not for me," said the first waiter. "I have always found it rather gay."

"You," said No. 2. "How can you know about serious things... you, a Corsican."

"What has that to do with it?" said No. 1. "Where would France be if Corsicans didn't know about love?"

"And where is France, Corsicans or not?" said the second waiter.

"Messieurs, messieurs, *s'il vous plait*, I have a train to catch," said a man at another table, whose coffee had been getting cold on No. 2 waiter's tray.

Theatre: The two plays of the moment are the new Jean Anouilh, *Becket* (which seems to be a resounding success), and the new Jean-Paul Sartre play, *Les Séquestrés d'Altona*... a talkative piece which gets talked about.

Books: Now is the season for the race for prizes, the Goncourt and the others, all of which have rewards. The gossip and the lobbying are under way.

All this is written still under the morning gloom of the railway station and at least six cases of deliberate rudeness. Down south no one seems to bother to be rude. I suppose it is a question of shifting into Paris gear... it takes a few days. There are no doubt interesting things afoot in this pretty city. Meanwhile it took me about 20 minutes to get back my No. 1 waiter in order to pay and leave. He pointed out to me that the girl in the red coat was now standing looking at the board listing the trains that come in from Marseilles. "You see, she has started to hope again," he said.

"That is something," I said.

"Of course the chap is probably just sloughing up *pastis* along the Cannebiere."

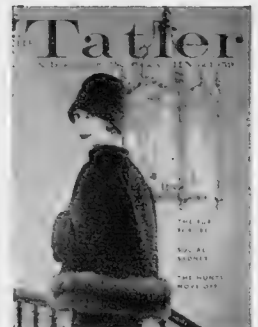
No one doubted for one second that the girl was waiting for anyone but a lover.



Shaggily unfolding a new outlook is this black and white coat in civet cat with an overgrown collar and a tie belt. Price: 545 gns. at Bradleys, Welbeck Street. Smooth black velvet cap is edged with elasticized mesh. By Otto Lucas at Debenham & Freebody; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham

The Fur Furore

ON THE COVER: John Cavanagh's copper bronze South West African Persian lamb jacket, banded at the hem in baum marten. Photo: John Adriaan



Suddenly everyone's wild about fur—for coats and jackets of course and hats as well. Shapes are dashing, colours bold and contrasts improbable but always effective

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER CLARK

Contrasting ocelot and black dyed beaver is used here by Hardy Amies for Calman Links. Black beaver cuffs match a cossack hat, which tops the slightly curving jacket-line, and a giant muff. Jacket with an optional tie belt costs about £650 from Calman Links. Prices: hat, £50, muff, £40. Hat from Reed Crawford, Kinnerton Street





THE FUR FURORE *continued*

Sleekly entering the after-dark scene, a black broadtail stole with a facing of white mink, cut to stay on the shoulders. Price: 575 gns. at Albert Hart, Curzon Street. The black velvet circlet has a dazzling jewel and a white chiffon scarf. By Otto Lucas, at Dickins & Jones, London; Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells

Country-going ocelot coat has brown suede buttons and a pull through matching belt. Price: £895 at the National Fur Company, Brompton Road. A shorn fox tam o'shanter is rimmed with brown chiffon. Hat by Otto Lucas at Fortnum & Mason





Darkly narrowing from a raised shoulder-line, a black broadtail coat steps smartly into city life. 750 gns. at Albert Hart.

The black fox Otto Lucas hat comes from Fortnum & Mason

Shrewdly competing with mink as the season's most-fancied fur—black broadtail appears (*below*) with all the casual looks of a cardigan, partnering sapphire mink at throat and sleeve. £185 at Tamara, New Bond Street



THE FUR FURORE

continued

Discreetly mixing—black & pale beige, for a Lanvin-Castillo model—finest black broadtail and EMBA Tourmaline mink collar. 1,719 gns. from a striking collection of Lanvin-Castillo furs made by Debenham & Freebody. Honey melusine sugar loaf hat with a black braid trim by Otto Lucas at Woollands; James Howell, Cardiff



Successfully poaching on an ivory beaver jacket:
a collar of blond tipped Havana fox. Price:
318 gns. at Bradleys



Becoming partnership of black and white Arctic fox newly in
favour. The stole wraps waist deep like a giant muffler or unzips to
make two separate stoles. The foil of a rhinestone necklace and
ear-rings from Jewelfcraft. Price: 125 gns., at Maxwell Croft



Richly defining this year's party fur, a jacket plus hood in snowy Jasmine EMBA mink. £650 at Zwirn of Princes Street. Flash-points: the pearl and rhinestone ear-rings by Jewecraft

THE FUR FURORE

concluded

COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY
MINETTE SHEPARD



NEW SHOP—the Marco Polo in Lansdowne Row, W.1—has modern Japanese lacquer work like this black and red box with three trays, 4 gns.; red soup bowl with red lid and black saucer (16s. each from a 6-piece set) and black trinket box painted in gold and white, with two trays, 6 gns. This exotic shop also has antiques as well as modern Chinese furniture, Siamese and Indian lamps, Indian jewellery, Japanese screens and cushions. Special orders carried out in a fortnight

NEW IMPORT by Finmar is this Danish chair by Arne Jacobsen. Following his Egg design—a modern variation of the wingchair—his current design has a swan-like silhouette. On a metal base, it can be raised or lowered: £58 7s. 6d. at Liberty's. Covered in blue wool or other fabrics to order



NEW ARRIVALS at Harrison Gibson of Ilford, the Italian table and tray (below) are in plain black glass with allegorical figures painted in gold. Table with carved gilt frame costs £41 15s., heat resistant tray with gilt fretwork rim: 12 gns. From a collection of painted glass tables, chairs, coasters, trinket and cigarette boxes at Harrison Gibson and branches



Broseley Studios

NEW IDEAS and personal service are specialities at Celda of Queen Street, Bath. There is a wide range of soft furnishings, wallpapers and bric-à-brac and a fabric showroom where customers can sit quietly and make their choice. Their workrooms make up all kinds of curtains, pelmets, quilts, and loose or fitted covers. They will drape four-poster beds and dressing tables, fit buttoned headboards and hang curtains or fit loose covers. Lampshades are made to order or to complete a lamp in stock—vases can also be converted into lamps. Wallpaper range includes many by Coles, there are also hand-painted Chinese papers or French ones by Nobilis. A studio restores painted furniture and does marbling and gilding. No interior decoration is done but free advice on *décor* is available and Mrs. Tucker, joint owner of the shop, has flair for colour and original ideas. Most of Celda's work is traditional as the shop is situated in an area filled with the beautiful houses for which Bath is famous



NEW SHAPES in bone china have been designed by the Royal College of Art and launched by Spode. White oblong platter with a gold pattern called Elizabethan costs 94s., oil and vinegar bottles are 38s. 4d. each. Pattern by R.C.A. students. Provence dinner plate by Pat Alcock costs 21s. 6d. in olive green and white. Green Velvet cup and saucer in bottle green and white with a gold leaf design, 61s. 2d. All from Marshall & Snelgrove. Golden Fern vegetable dish: £6 8s. 6d. from Derry & Toms. Saint John coffee pot has red flowers and pale grey leaves, £2 17s. 6d., from Harrison Gibson, Ilford. Last three patterns by Spode. All to order

NEW ADDITIONS to Sanderson's range of chintzes are large mauve-blue iris patterns splashed on a white ground with spiky yellow-green leaves, 36 in. wide, 36s. 9d. a yard. The other chintz is banded with wild river bed flowers and grasses with a predominant pattern of yellow and yellow-brown river irises and bright green foliage. It is in an Everglaze finish, 36 in. wide, and costs about 22s. 6d.



"Composition 1918-19" by Kurt Schwitters,
who studied at Dresden, emigrated to Norway
and thence fled to England in 1940.
He died at Ambleside in 1948

Art in revolt

Alan Roberts reviews a London exhibition
of historic modern painting from Germany

OPENING THE HOUSE OF GERMAN ART IN Munich in 1937, the world's best-known ex-house painter, amateur watercolourist and self-appointed arbiter of the Arts said:

"Cubism, Dadaism, Futurism, Impressionism and the rest have nothing in common with our German people. For all these notions are simply the artificial stammering of people whom God has denied the boon of genuine artistic talent and given instead the gift of prating and deception. . . .

"It is either brazen impertinence or stupidity difficult to comprehend to confront our time of all times with works which might, perhaps, have been produced in some Stone Age ten or twenty thousand years ago. . . ."

Inside the House of German Art was an exhibition of the sort of paintings of which Adolf Hitler approved—allegorical idiocies featuring blond young Aryans in Wagnerian situations with titles like "Noble Blood" or "Maidhood," and a huge symbolical picture of himself in shining armour.

At the same time, elsewhere in the city, Hitler's Nazi riff-raff were queueing to jeer at another exhibition. It was a fantastic collection of the startling works of those artists whom God had denied "the boon of genuine artistic talent," and it was assembled, on the Fuehrer's orders, under the title "Degenerate Art."

Today most of those "degenerate" artists are represented in an important London exhibition of German art. It is called "Art In Revolt—Germany 1905-1925," and it is at the Marlborough Galleries in Bond Street. Appropriately, for so many of the artists themselves became refugees from Hitlerism, it is in aid of the World Refugee Year.

In 1905, when the *Fauves* or "Wild Beasts" (led by Matisse) were scandalizing the *Salon d'Automne* in Paris with their explosive colour, their German counterparts in Dresden had formed a revolutionary art group called "*Die Brücke*" (The Bridge). This was the beginning of modern German Art. The founder members of *Die Brücke*, Kirchner, Heckel and Schmidt-Rottluff, were soon joined by Emil Nolde and Max Pechstein and later by Otto Müller and others. Almost all they had in common was the desire to see a rebirth of German art. They had no clear-cut, unanimous idea of how

to achieve it, but achieve it they did.

Being Germans, and North Germans at that, their revolution was much more profound and far-reaching than that of the *Fauves*—with whom they shared no more than a love of colour. Haunted by political, social, moral or sexual obsessions, they made colour a medium of emotional expression. For a time they shared a similar style of hard contours and blatant colour. Later their individual personalities asserted themselves too strongly, and schisms appeared in the group, which finally dissolved in 1913.

Two years before, a second important group, *Der Blaue Reiter* (The Blue Rider), had been born in Munich. Its title came from a small painting by Wassily Kandinsky, one of its founders, which can be seen in the exhibition at the Marlborough Galleries.

In at the birth with Kandinsky (who, though born a Russian, was to become the first German abstract painter) was Franz Marc. And in 1912, by which time the group had grown enormously in membership and influence, these two welcomed Paul Klee. He, like themselves, backed up his art with prolific theoretical writings.

Kandinsky's *The Art Of Spiritual Harmony* was a prophecy of the shape of things to come in art. Klee's principal literary work was an attempt to analyse the act of creation and throws light on the extraordinarily individualistic vision that died with him because it was impossible of imitation.

Franc Marc, who was killed at Verdun in 1916 when he was only 36, continued to formulate his theories about art while in the trenches right up to the time of his death. In these *Aphorisms*, as he called them, he struggled to divine the nature of the art to come in the new scientific world. He was deeply interested in science and drew close parallels between the scientist's and the artist's search for the deeper truths.

In his paintings of blue-and-red horses, of dogs and deer and wolves, some of them as well known through reproductions as Van Gogh's *Sunflowers*, he tried "to interpret the world through animals, not as I regard them, but as they are (as they themselves regard the world and feel their being)."

Writing of these three German "Romantics" in the catalogue of the present exhibition Professor Will Grohmann says:

"Kandinsky tried to echo the harmony of the universe in the work of art; Klee sought a rebirth of the universe in the picture as a world in itself; Marc . . . strove to give expression to the inexpressible."

In spite of these three gentle souls one's immediate and lasting impression of the show is one of violence, the harsh colours and cruel drawing of Kirchner and other *Brücke* painters being reinforced by the brutality of Max Beckmann, who did not belong to either of the groups. He was, in fact, as late as 1912 still an Impressionist and an opponent of the new Expressionism. But his experiences in the battlefields between 1914 and 1918 brought about a big change in his outlook and technique.

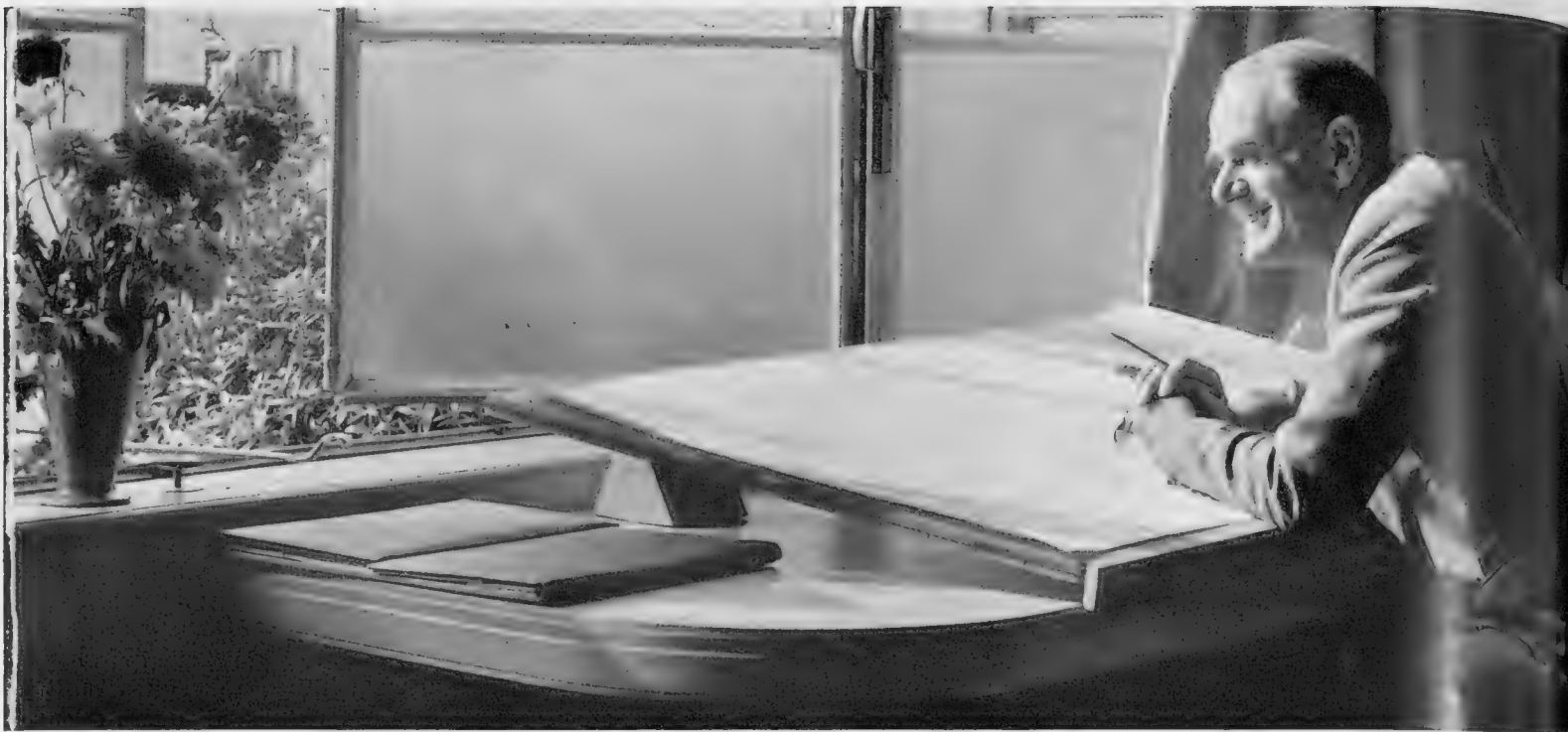
He began to create hideously powerful allegorical compositions in which the crippled, the maimed, the bloated and the degraded found themselves in company with grotesque, brazen female nudes. They made him famous but, as the years passed and war memories dimmed, his work became less cruel while still retaining its terrific vitality. In 1936, after suffering years of Nazi persecution, he fled to Holland. He died in the United States after the war.

Another important "outsider" well represented in the exhibition is Oskar Kokoschka, who worked in London from 1938 to 1948 but now lives in Salzburg. Though he was early in sympathy with the ideas of the *Brücke* painters there was always a baroque quality about his style that set him apart.

Long before he painted the vital, vibrant-coloured "portraits" of cities—Paris, London, Prague, Amsterdam among them—he painted the sombre, psychologically penetrating portraits of Leopold and Ernst Schmidt now in the Marlborough Galleries. But though his palette underwent a startling change he continued to search for the realities inside people and under the surface of things. At times, as in the self-portrait in this exhibition, he conducted the search with ruthlessness.

It is a quality which, in greater or lesser degree in so many of these paintings from the early days of the "revolt," still retains a power to shock. Any attempt to understand the impact these pictures must have had on the sober German public of 50 years ago paralyses the imagination.





AIRCRAFT

SCULPTURE



NEWS PORTRAITS



DRAMA

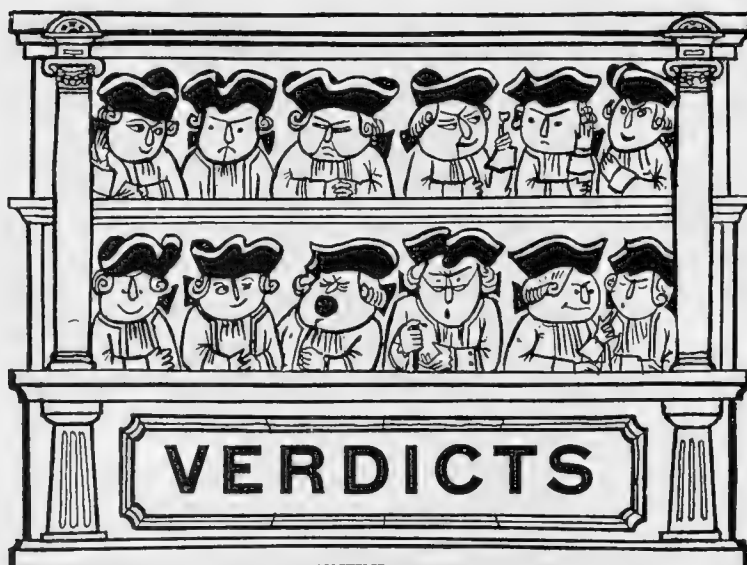
TELEVISION



PRIZES GALORE

An aircraft design team, a woman sculptor and a TV producer have all received prizes awarded for the first time to British individuals or organizations by three different countries. The Elmer A. Sperry Award, one of the highest U.S. engineering honours, was given to the Havilland design team, of which Mr. D. E. Bishop (*top left*) is the head, for their work in developing the Comet. Mr. Bishop, 38 years with the company, is a deputy managing director. Barbara Hepworth, seen (*left*) with two of her works *Requiem* & *Ascending Form*, is the first woman to receive the top prize at the Biennale of Sao Paulo. Mr. David E. Rose, photographed (*right*) at his Twickenham home, won a first prize for *Medico* (a dramatized documentary on the free medical service for ships at sea) in an international contest to decide the year's best TV shows organized by R.I.A., the Italian radio & television service. Prizewinner too, on the home front, is Mr. John Arden (*above, right*) whose play *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance* at the Royal Court Theatre has won the 1959 Encyclopædia Britannica prize (the first to be awarded) jointly with Arnold Wesker's *Roots*. Arden, 29, seen with his actress wife Margaretta & Royal Court company members Tamara Hucheo & David Andrews, has also been awarded a Drama Fellowship at Bristol University. He moved there last month.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN VINES



The play **MARRIAGE-GO-ROUND**
(John Clements, Kay Hammond, Angela Browne, John Arnatt). Piccadilly Theatre.

The films **THEY CAME TO CORDURA**
(Gary Cooper, Rita Hayworth, Van Heflin, Tab Hunter). Director Robert Rossen.
WE DIE ALONE
(Jack Fjeldstad). Director Arne Skouen.
SOLOMON & SHEBA
(Yul Brynner, Gina Lollobrigida, George Sanders, Marisa Pavan). Director King Vidor.
LES AMANTS (X)
(Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Marc Bory, Jose Luis de Villalonga, Judith Magre). Director Louis Malle.
THE HEAT OF THE SUMMER (X)
(Patricia Karim, Yane Barry, Michel Bardinet). Director Louis Felix.
DEADLINE MIDNIGHT
(Jack Webb, William Conrad). Director Jack Webb.

The records **BENNY CARTER**
HAPPY SESSION by Benny Goodman
HARRY JAMES
A MESSAGE FROM NEWPORT by Maynard Ferguson
GENE KRUPA

The books **CIDER WITH ROSIE**
By Laurie Lee (Hogarth, 18s.)
GROUCHO & ME
By Julius Henry Marx (Gollancz, 21s.)
THE JAPANESE
By Cecil Beaton (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 50s.)
ELEONORA DUSE
(Thames & Hudson, 63s.)



THEATRE

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

The professor plays with fire

SACHA GUITRY HAD THE TRICK IN his later years of making acceptable entertainment out of cynical and somewhat arch discourses on the love-life of the human animal; and at some point the discourse would drift illustratively into a little play. The *Marriage-Go-Round* at the Piccadilly, a comedy of American university life by Mr. Leslie Stevens, is built rather more deliberately on the same lines.

There are two lecturers—Mr. John Clements, wearing lightly the learning of a Professor of Cultural Anthropology, and Miss Kay Hammond, who has somehow contrived to get herself appointed the Dean of Women at the same university. Discoursing from their rostrums at either side of the stage on the subject of monogamy, they make us feel what fun it is to be students in an American Institute of Higher Studies where the Kinsey Report is the leading book of reference. Off duty, these lecturers are happily married, and they move to and fro between their rostrums and their neatly decorative home set on a small revolving stage. What gives real kick to their lectures is the circumstance that things begin to happen to them at home which searchingly test their theoretical defence of monogamy.

The source of the trouble is a dazzlingly beautiful blonde Swedish girl who has been born without the normal inhibitions. She is in fact the young girl who has always haunted the daydreams of elderly literary men. Ibsen called her Hilda Wangel and through her the Master Builder was induced to break his neck. To George Moore she was Euphonia in Texas, the girl who tells the eminent author that it is his duty to become the father of her child. Bernard Shaw is reputed to have received a similar proposal made in the interest of the higher eugenics and to have crushed the fair importunate with "That is all very well, but what if the child had my beauty and your brains?"

The professor of Mr. Clements is altogether less direct in his rejection of the proposal made to him by the earnest but lovely Swede. It seems to him as an anthropologist a case

for the exercise of "controlled curiosity." He takes the precaution of telling his wife how matters stand between him and their house guest. She pretends to be lightly amused, but she is clever enough to perceive that her husband's vanity is bound to be stirred. Her lectures begin to reflect a growing anxiety neurosis.

The comedy is at its most enjoyable while the relations between the professor and the determined young woman remain tentative. Mr. Clements is extremely amusing as the quick-witted anthropologist who understands the implication of every move calculated to undermine his position as a devoted husband. Out of controlled curiosity he humours the delightful child, and he observes with debonair amusement that if he lets her hold his hand he can hardly refuse to join her in a respectable waltz though this will almost certainly turn into a rather less respectable "Cha-Cha" and that is likely to culminate in a kiss, and a kiss, of course, will be rather dangerous. Probably it will be at this point that controlled curiosity will insist that the whole business shall be firmly concluded.

After curiosity has got out of control the comedy runs less freely. The professor and his wife and the Scandinavian enchantress are all very well as artificial figures of fun, but their artificiality will hardly bear the least touch of seriousness. The Dean of Women has a professional tolerance for the indiscretions into which naturally polygamous husbands may be tempted, but a deliberate lie seems to her the one thing that can ruin a happy monogamous relationship.

When she thinks she has stumbled on the lie and begins to be genuinely miserable about her marriage the comedy begins to lose buoyancy and to depend rather too much on the virtuosity of the acting. However, Mr. Clements and Miss Hammond do not put a foot wrong, and they are admirably supported by Miss Angela Browne, as the devastating Scandinavian charmer, and by Mr. John Arnatt, as a professor who is perfectly happy making advances to another professor's wife so long as she shows no sign of responding.



REFLECTIONS ON SUCCESS. The famous French comedy team, Les Frères Jacques (only two of the four are in fact brothers) is now enjoying a successful season in London. Here they are seen in their Adelphi Theatre dressing room, meeting themselves in the mirrors with what seems pained astonishment

Photo: Alan Vines



CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

Two kinds of courage

AT FIRST GLANCE, MR. GARY COOPER seems a little embarrassed and subdued in *They Came To Cordura*. It is as if he knows the character he plays cuts no impressive figure (which is true)—and that it will be a long, long time before he is allowed to emerge dominant (and he's quite right there, too). Mr. Cooper, a U.S. Army major serving in Mexico with the troops engaged in quelling Pancho Villa's uprising (1916), is given the unenviable appointment of Awards Officer.

Perhaps because he has been, as we subsequently learn, guilty of such craven behaviour as taking cover when fired upon by the enemy (cries of "Shame!" from superiors and subordinates), it is thought he will recognize heroism when he sees it: he is to choose from his unit men whose "bravery beyond the line of duty or the normal limits of human conduct" qualifies them for the Congressional Medal of Honour.

As he is about to set off for H.Q. at Cordura with the five (reluctant) heroes he has selected, Mr. Cooper finds himself saddled with a prisoner—an American woman accused of treason, whom he is to hand over to the authorities. This is Miss Rita Hayworth, looking uncommonly handsome and giving as convincing a performance as the script allows.

The week is long and difficult, the men tough and, lusting after the woman, plan to murder the despised Mr. Cooper—but he, of course, proves to be tougher than them all. It takes over two hours for this slow-moving film to convey the message that one act of bravery

does not make a hero, any more than one moment of fear makes a coward. The scenery is superb and the photography (in colour) beautiful.

For courage and for behaviour well beyond the normal limit of human conduct, see an unpretentious but, I think, noble Norwegian film—*We Die Alone*. It is the film of a book by Mr. David Howarth, who was in charge of Norwegian saboteurs based in the Shetlands during the war, and it tells the true story of Jan Baalsrud (excellently played by Herr Jack Fjeldstad), sole survivor of a sabotage mission to destroy the German-held airfield at Bardufoss.

The mission was a failure, the fishing boat in which he and his comrades had arrived was sunk. With one toe shot away, Herr Baalsrud swam through drift ice to a nearby island, crossed it on foot, to arrive four days later, starving, frostbitten and snow-blind at the house of a humble fisherman-farmer—who, after a brief respite, rowed him to the mainland and installed him in a deserted cottage, promising to return as soon as possible with help. Blizzards delayed this return for over a week. When his friends came they found that Herr Baalsrud, realizing that his frostbitten feet were becoming gangrenous, had amputated his own toes with a clasp knife: he could no longer walk.

From then on this is not only a saga of one man's fantastic endurance; it is a saga of man's loyalty to man—of all those people, over 100 of them, who risked their lives

to take Herr Baalsrud (whom they did not even know), across the border to neutral Sweden and safety. There are no histrionic gestures, no high-flown talk: the whole thing is handled in a strictly documentary manner and black-and-white austerity—and I found it infinitely more exciting than any polychromatic Hollywood epic.

Speaking of which, and in a discreet whisper, I have to confess that, one spectacular battle sequence apart, *Solomon & Sheba* struck me as a whacking great, six million dollar bore. The colour is fine, the settings sumptuous, the crowd scenes well handled (though one, of a shocking pagan orgy, made me laugh outright)—but the dialogue would disgrace a child's "strip" version of Bible stories. Mr. Yul Brynner displays authority, beautiful Signorina Gina Lollobrigida in diaphanous nylon-chiffon displays just about everything she has as Sheba, and Mr. George Sanders as Solomon's would-be-usurper brother is disgruntled in such an upper-class sort of way that one feels he could never really have descended to being an out-and-out bouncer: not that this, or anything else about the film, seriously worried me.

It did not greatly interest me to hear, from Paris, that there were some exceptionally torrid scenes of love-making in *Les Amants*—*je ne suis pas voyeuse*—so I don't mind that they have now been cut. What I do mind is that the film is presented as a beautiful, fragile love story. A spoiled married woman (Mlle. Jeanne Moreau) who already has one lover, spends an over-sexed night with a young man (M. Jean-Marc Bory) she met that afternoon—and, as a result, leaves her husband and small daughter. Not, I must point out, because she is ashamed of herself but because, in her middle thirties, she thinks she has found Romance. Dotty, if you ask me—dottier than the gen-darmerie should allow.

Question in the sensitively photographed country film, *The Heat Of The Summer*, is: which girl gets the new vineyard owner—the loose lass with the motorcycle (Mlle. Patricia Karim) or the chaste, hard-working peasant gal (Mlle. Yane Barry)? No prizes offered for the correct answer.

In Mr. Jack Webb's *Deadline Midnight*, the entire staff of a newspaper office spends a whole day in bringing out one edition of one paper containing, as far as I could see, one story. This is no way to run a railroad or increase the circulation.



ON THE MEXICAN TRAIL. Top: In *They Came To Cordura*, the major (Gary Cooper) and his prisoner (Rita Hayworth), accused of being a traitor, come to an agreement. Below: One of the hard cases on the journey across the unforgiving desert is Van Heflin

Magie 'Baton' Trésor 'Pendant' Trésor 'Tear Drop' Magie 'Sphere'

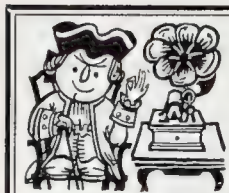
ENVOL LANCÔME

PERFUME SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

LANCÔME

FLECHES D'OR

Envol 'Amphora' Fleches d'Or



RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

Hob-nobbing with the top brass

YEARS AGO THE B.B.C.'S band leader, Henry Hall, invited a comparatively unknown American musician to work as his arranger. Benny Carter was the man. He was already an accomplished saxophone and trumpet player. By any standards this is a rare combination, and it was no surprise to those who knew his form that Hall's dance band became reputed for its powerful brass section. Today they would be no match for the modern equivalent, where brass is so strong that it almost overwhelms even the best reed sections.

Carter's activities in recent years have been concentrated in California, where he is able to call on the top flight film studio musicians to perform his works. A recent album (LTZ-T15169) finds him in flippancy mood, depicting, in 12

lively tracks, tunes related to the months of the year. Outstanding section work comes from the brass, but his scores can be regarded as entities. The music never ceases to swing, and the pattern underlines Benny's own soulful alto solos.

Whereas Carter balances five trumpets with three trombones, Benny Goodman, famous for his brass section in the thirties, has only four on three trombones in his "Happy Session," a Philips release (BBL7318). He restates most of the things on which he founded his reputation, but the scores are conventional and conservative. I have only once heard Mr. Goodman in the flesh—on that occasion, three years ago, his band impressed me more. In this album he comes off better as a clarinetist with small-group support.

One of the greatest of his ex-henchmen, Harry James, fares much better in his Capitol album, a jaunty swinging collection of tunes which presents his band in true showcase form. He is fortunate in having the great altoist Willie Smith (not to be confused with pianist Willie "The Lion" Smith) as a mainstay and exceptionally melodic soloist, matching the golden horn of the leader for sheer exhilaration. There is an element of Basie's big band sound in some of his arrangements, notably "Moten swing"; this is not so surprising when you know that arranger Ernie Wilkins spent some years in the Basie organization.

Maynard Ferguson conjures visions of screaming off-register trumpet notes in any Kenton arrangement. He left to form his own band a few years ago, and has had considerable success at the last two years' Newport festivals. He plays not only trumpet but a similar instrument (from a technical point of view), the valve trombone. Most have a thing called a slide, which goes in and out, and is a constant source of dreary jokes about short-sighted musicians! Ferguson's duplicity enables him to reinforce either his trumpet or trombone section, which muster-

three men apiece. Their work is reminiscent of Kenton, but far less complicated and a good deal less pretentious. "A message from Newport" features pieces from their concert repertoire (33SX1146) whilst their less specialized dance programme is the subject of their other Columbia album (33SX1173); I prefer the former.

Gene Krupa once employed a youngster, back in 1946, who played saxophone in the band, and worked out a few scores for him between times. His name was Gerry Mulligan, now a household word in modern jazz. An H.M.V. album revives these Mulligan specials, played by drummer Krupa and a rip-roaring band, whose soloists seem to be its weakest point. The ensemble sound, especially measured in terms of decibels of brass, proves that young Mulligan knew what he was doing in those early days of his career.

Despite my relative enthusiasm for the work of some of these big brassy bands I am firmly convinced that their contribution is small, and that today's progress lies in the hands of the small groups, with the notable exceptions of Ellington, Basie, and possibly the newly formed band led by Quincy Jones, of which I will tell you more soon.



BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

A poet's tribute to his mother

IF POETS CAN WRITE PROSE AT ALL, they often write it with such an edge, speed, lift and grace as should put the professional prose-writers into the sulks for months. Laurie Lee's *Cider With Rosie*, a book of memories of his childhood in the 20s in a Cotswold village, is so beautifully written that I read it at a gallop and in terror lest a page should sag, the delight and charm fade—but it's all of a piece. I'm happy to tell you that this ought to be the Christmas present most likely to succeed—but buy yourself a copy before sending another away.

Mr. Lee's remarkable mother brought up a large team of children single-handed in a feudal village. The book builds up a picture, bright and flickering as a pointilliste painting, of a luscious, hungry, muddled, passionate, warm, lackadaisical pastoral life with a strong undertow of violence, madness, suicide and other black

elements which are part of old traditional rural England. He gives you village school, outings and festivals, carol-singing and cooking, precocious little girls in the hay, gossipy sisters growing up, and—the most marvellous character in the book, written with a brilliant tenderness—the astonishing mother.

Mr. Lee can make you see and touch and smell what he is writing about, can be so funny that you laugh aloud, and switches his pace and his mood like a conjuror. He can make you see people in movement—his mother cooking, girls walking in new finery, aged grannies munching and cackling—the whole book shimmers, like bright sunshine on fast water. It's a book that is greedy and astonished about life that was the more vivid because anyone might be snatched off into an early death, or end up living on the floor because old age had made you too frail to stand up.

More than anything, because of

its mixture of heightened, lyrical vision, its feeling of permanence and transience at the same time, its love and its reality—it's as real as sausages and stew—it reminded me of the film *Partie De Campagne*. It's a book that floats and shines and dances, and the words and images in every sentence are new and fresh and full of outrageous and delectable surprises. Furthermore, it is illustrated by John Ward, who is a draughtsman with a lyrical-pastoral line of his own. Above everything, it gives the impression that it was a book that involved joy in the writing. Some books you fall in love with, and this is mine for this year.

Taking a terrific jump from Gloucestershire to Yorkville, I can recommend another family story involving bright lads of humble birth, told by Julius Henry Marx—Groucho to us. He calls his fast-talking, basilisk-eyed autobiography *Groucho And Me*. I think he would get along fine with Mr. Lee, who is a pretty fancy comedian too in his own style, but it's perhaps easier to read the two books with a couple of minutes for breath in between to save your mind crashing its gears. Groucho is a very funny writer indeed, with a style like sharp, accurate bursts of machine-gun fire, and a deep regard for his own impenetrable privacy. He appears to tell you everything, and remains a mystery, a serious, sharp, ironic

man behind a high wall. The chapters may be headed "Who Needs Money? (We Did)," "Meanwhile Back at the Ranch Home," or "Rich Is Better." I laughed like anything in a frightened sort of way.

There are two pleasing picture books this month—Ceil Beaton's *Japanese*, a ravishing, easy, wonderfully unforced collection of snowscapes, figures and faces, specially good on the chalky-faced actors and dancers. At his best Mr. Beaton takes the most relaxed photographs possible, plain and cool, no tricks of focus and exposure, no asking for applause, no look-no-hands. My only complaint is that you have to ferret about to find the captions—I know every photographer dreams of a nice clean page with not a word to spoil the picture, but the hunt for information drives you mad.

And *Eleonora Duse* seems to me as near an ideal theatrical autobiography as you can get—a marvellous pictorial record of her life, with minimum and informative commentary (the point being, to me, to look at actors rather than read about them). Through it runs that haunting, black-eyed, brooding little face, unsmiling, vulnerable, chin tilted up, still and silent. And if anyone still admires that regrettable D'Annunzio, they should gaze closely and in awe at him on page 87, sitting, pleased and dapper, on a stout black horse.

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THE Winter warning LINE

BEAUTY

JEAN CLELAND

AT THIS TIME OF YEAR, BEAUTICIANS AND HAIRDRESSERS STRESS THE need for preventive measures before the winter sets in. Cold weather affects people in different ways, and if there is any tendency towards chilblains, brittle nails, crepey skin and wrinkles, harsh winds will aggravate them. The experts' advice is not to wait until these annoyances become established, but to find a treatment to prevent them.

For example, cold weather tends to deepen lines and wrinkles. The best treatment here is plenty of nourishment and daily massage with a skin food. This, by keeping the skin soft and pliant, helps to smooth out light lines and keep them from becoming deeper.

If they are established, something more is needed. Preparations have been produced with properties for dealing with this problem. One of the latest and most effective is *Placentubex*. This cream contains natural regenerative extracts and helps to restore the skin. It has a beneficial effect on lines and wrinkles and acts as a preventative.

Chilblains need instant action. They are largely due to bad circulation and much can be done by stimulating the blood flow. There are two easy ways of doing this. The first is by exercise morning and evening—or whenever you have a few minutes to spare. Stand with arms outstretched, and shake the hands vigorously. The second way is to take a loofah, and rub it briskly from the finger tips, up the arms, until the skin feels warm and glowing.

Following this there is a treatment for chilblains, which many people are finding effective. This is by way of tablets, and a good chilblain cream. The tablets are called *Pernivit* and the makers say that if they are taken early enough—that is before the chilblains start—they really do prevent chilblains in most cases. The cream is called *Pernicream* and is an anti-chilblain preparation. If you have not started the tablets in time *Pernicream* immediately relieves any soreness and irritation. It must not be applied on broken skin.

The old bogey, brittle nails, appears again in cold weather. There are many nail creams designed for encouraging growth, and correcting the ultra-dryness that makes for breaking and brittleness. If your nails break, I advise you to use a nail cream each night, massaging it into the base of the nails and leaving it on until morning. Make a point of trying the nail saver *Heluan*. This is a cream which acts like the ordinary polish remover but feeds and conditions at the same time.

I talked about pre-winter preventative hair measures with Martin Douglas who said: "Start the winter with a course of treatments in which revitalizers such as lanoline, vegetable oils and cholesterol are steamed into the hair. The steaming is combined with massage and in this way brittleness is prevented, and you can go ahead throughout the winter with hair that is soft and silky."

Some Martin Douglas styles are pictured alongside.



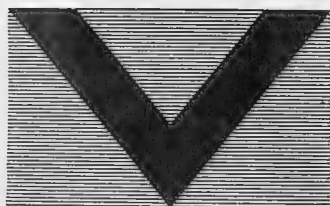
Three-way contrast in styles designed by Martin Douglas. Top: Formal elegance for evening to set off a jewelled headband. Centre: For the Eastern look an upward flick follows the tilt of the eyes. Bottom: Another evening coiffure, this time for a young girl. Smooth swathing replaces the casual daytime style in this example



Marvellous new cars... these 1960 Vauxhalls!



The 1960 Cresta



The 1960 Victor de Luxe

Victor £505+£211.10.10 PT (£716.10.10)
Victor Super £530+£221.19.2 PT (£751.19.2)
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Cresta £715+£299.0.10 PT (£1,014.0.10)

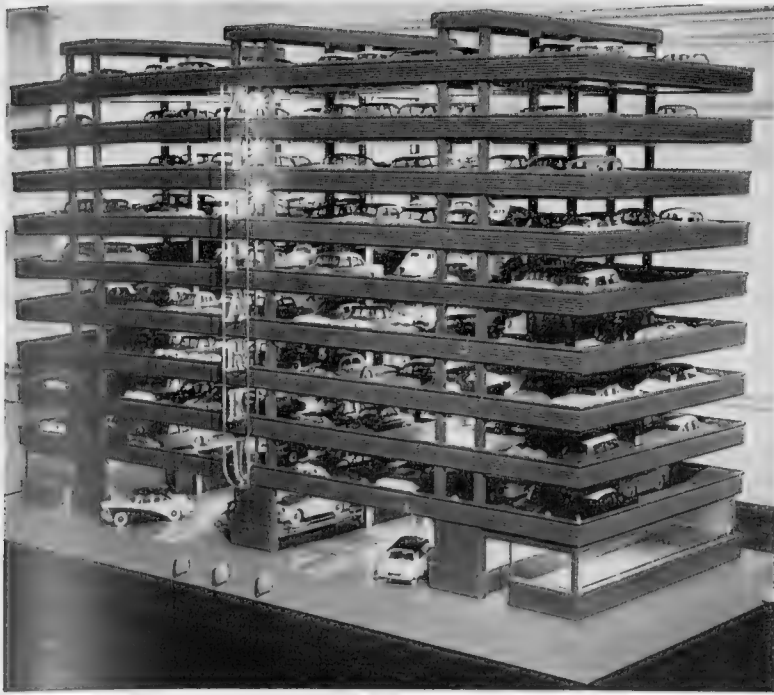
An admired car, and a much desired car. A car the fastidious and the knowledgeable will be proud to own. That's the 1960 Vauxhall Cresta.

Ask for speed, and it goes like the wind. Safety is its middle name — with that extra visibility all round, those powerful, reassuring brakes, and the road-hugging stability for which the 1960 Vauxhalls are famous.

Try it with a full load aboard . . . six if you like and luggage to boot. Make your own assessment of its 6-cylinder performance: its ability to slip along silently in traffic, to cruise at 70 all day, to accelerate up to mile-and-a-half-a-minute speeds when you're in a hurry. Check how easy it is to manoeuvre and to park when you can see all four wing tips from the driving seat.

Then ask your Vauxhall dealer about the new styling, the new features, the new colours, the luxury fittings inside and out. He'll enjoy demonstrating that all we claim is true. And we're pretty sure *you'll* enjoy the experience too.

Marvellous? Yes — it's a 1960 Vauxhall.



PUSH BUTTON parking is foreshadowed in this model of the Myton Zidpark planned for London in 1961. There are seven floors with room for 500 cars. You simply park alongside a lift and press a button—an automatic system slows the car away. Charges will be about a shilling an hour or £3 a week

Now or never never?

MOTORING by GORDON WILKINS

"YOU HAVE TO THINK FAST IN THIS lark," said the garage man. "A customer comes in to look at one of the new Ford Anglias. Tries the seats. Slams the doors. Walks all round it, then looks at the front, and spots a hole normally hidden by the number plate. 'What's this?' he says. 'A hole for a starting handle. But there *isn't* any starting handle! Why?'"

"Well, Fords are looking ahead to the day when they use the same front end for a new van, which *will* have a starting handle—but I can't tell him that, can I? So I say: 'Oh no, sir. This hole has nothing to do with a starting handle. It was specially provided by the designer to admit a current of fresh air to cool the front main bearing."

"That made him happy. 'Think of everything, don't they?' he said and five minutes later he had signed the finance agreement.

"Funny thing is, they quibble about the accessories, and haggle over the last ten bob on the part-exchange allowance for their old car, but when it comes to fixing up the hire purchase they're so grateful to find anyone who will lend them the lolly that they never question the terms. All they want to know is 'How much a month?'"

"And what about this new group who are cutting H.P. rates by abolishing the car agent's commission?" I asked.

"Forget it," said the garage man. "They'd need to spend £100,000 on advertising to make the public remember the name. If the buyer

asks us, we're not going to help him remember it, are we?"

"It's like the time when the car manufacturers tried setting up their own depots to handle retail sales in London. They stopped it because they couldn't get rid of the old cars they took in part exchange. Naturally, the trade didn't want them. It's the same with the H.P. They all have to come to us."

The fact is, of course, that hire-purchase charges in Britain are far below those current in the U.S.A. The British car-dealer is protected by rigid price maintenance, which prevents price-cutting and guarantees him his profit on the car. The American dealer has to engage in fierce competition and often cuts his profit on the car to a few dollars to make a sale, reckoning to make 300 dollars or so out of his commission on the hire-purchase deal. He quotes whatever interest rate he thinks the buyer will pay—and of course this is charged on the whole sum for the whole period, though from the first payment the amount of the debt is being reduced. The actual effective rate is enough to make the old-fashioned money-lender look quite respectable.

In such conditions the cash customer is definitely not welcome. I have heard of cases in America where the price has been agreed and then the customer has pulled out his cheque book, only to be told: "Sorry, we can't sell you a car for cash."

An American dealer in London for the Motor Show filled in some of the details for me.

"You haven't begun to develop hire-purchase selling in Britain," he said. "When you register a car in the United States you have to provide far more information about yourself, your family and how you bought the car than you do here and all that information is made available to the motor trade. We know what car you have bought and exactly how much you are paying for it. If you're paying 100 dollars a month and your business seems to be progressing, we decide that you are going to pay 120 a month for your next car. Long before you finish the payments on your present model, we shall be there selling you your next car. I make one hundred thousand dollars a year out of commission on hire purchase. I charge what the customer will pay. If the finance company charges me four per cent, I charge the customer about six."

From what I hear, he is pretty lenient with them. Some customers pay charges amounting to nearly half the loan. Yet this is by no means a risky business in present conditions. I am told that defaults do not run higher than one or two per cent, and the finance company can always take the car back—so it seems to be amply protected.

Total value of new H.P. contracts for cars, commercial vehicles and motor-cycles in Britain is now over £50 million a month. Apart from his profit on the sale of the car, the British dealer usually receives about 15 per cent of the charges on the finance transaction. Broad

Walk Investments Ltd., with their Cheaper Car Credit plan, propose to abolish these dealers' discounts and substitute a flat registration payment of 2 gns. for every contract signed, plus payment for any subsequent services rendered. For the car buyer borrowing £500 for repayment over two years, this represents a saving of 10 gns. For the man borrowing £1,000 over three years, the charges would be cut from £210 to £178 10s., a saving of £31 10s. The charges for loans on second-hand cars are appreciably higher than on new cars and the savings under the C.C.C. scheme are correspondingly greater.

Personally I find it incomprehensible that anyone will pay a sum of £250 for the privilege of buying a second-hand car costing £1,250 by instalments, or indeed comparable rates on everything from cameras and clothes to washing machines and refrigerators. But with the nation rushing headlong into debt and the total sum on loan soaring to around £800 million I realize that I am becoming a social misfit. Our current credit debt is only about 4 per cent of our total personal incomes, whereas the Americans are loaded with debt amounting to about 9 per cent of their incomes. My friends in the finance business are determined to redress the balance.

I had only one last question. "How long will it be before British car-dealers refuse to sell cars for cash?"

"Maybe ten years," was the answer.



An actual photograph

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Into the jet age

LAST WEEK, I STEPPED INTO THE Jet Age. Leaving London at 9.15 a.m., I had lunchtime cocktails in Nice, and was home for tea at four o'clock.

I could hardly believe the sensation—or lack of it—as the Caravelle soared, bird-like, over South London. It took just three and a half minutes to cross from the Kent coast to Le Touquet—just long enough to take in the incredible view of both coasts at once, and look down on the Channel as on some gigantic river. We passed over Paris at the cruising height of 33,000 feet—seven miles up and a speed of 500 miles an hour.

The two hour trip was punctuated by some excellent Air France service—champagne, skewered kidneys, hot sausages and delicious Quiche Lorraine. There was no sound except the faint rushing of wind when, half-way across France, the captain told us that the temperature outside was 50 degrees below zero! One of the more neurotic of air travellers, I liked the almost imperceptible descent—and, maybe by comparison, what seemed the snail's pace at which we landed. In actual fact, it was just under 100 miles an hour. A miracle of machinery, even to my untutored mind.

By next spring such miracles and the new jet age itself will be commonplace. Nearly all the main international carriers are introducing jets. Atlantic flying time has been pared down to a miraculous seven and a half hours (sometimes less on the eastbound flight with a tail wind). Athens, once seven hours in the air, will now be a net flying time of five and a half hours away; Rome, only two hours and ten minutes on a direct flight; Zurich, one hour and a half. Air France are already using the Caravelle to Paris, Zurich, Milan, Athens, Algiers, Munich, Vienna, Geneva, Berlin and Istanbul as well as Nice.

Next year, Swissair will use the Caravelle within Europe, and Scandinavian Airlines have been flying them for some time. S.A.S. routings which operate the Caravelle at the moment originate in Copenhagen, and go to Rome, Athens and Beirut; Prague, Athens, Cairo and Khartoum; Vienna, Istanbul, Ankara, Bagdad and Teheran; Dusseldorf, Vienna, Budapest, Istanbul, Ankara, Damascus and on to Abadan. Next summer the Caravelle will operate between London and Scandinavia, but at the moment passengers who want to fly

By DOONE BEAL

with S.A.S. can do so by means of a connecting flight in Europe—there is no need to make the detour via Copenhagen. In summer 1960, Scandinavian Airlines are using the new DC8B across the Atlantic and also over the Pole to Los Angeles and Tokio. These aircraft cruise at 550 miles an hour and they have a lounge and bar for first-class passengers. The therapeutic effect of being able to stretch one's legs and have a change of surroundings in mid-air will be welcomed by many who remember and cherished the bar of the old Stratacruisers. Other companies who will use the DC8 across the Atlantic are Trans Canada, Swissair, and in the spring, K.L.M.

K.L.M. will run a twice daily flight to New York (leaving London at 12 p.m., one can still connect with the day flight from Amsterdam, and be in New York at 5 p.m., local time). There is an extra charge of £5 for the detour via Amsterdam. About the middle of next year, K.L.M. will use their DC8s for Central America, Canada, Houston, Mexico and Tokio; and probably to the Caribbean in time for winter 1960-1.

Long distance hops in 1960 will be divided, jet-wise, between DC8's, Boeing 707 and Boeing's new Intercontinental. B.O.A.C. are putting Comets on to South African, Far Eastern and Australian routes—also to South America via Lisbon, Madrid and Recife. They will take over Boeing 707 in the spring for the New York and Montreal flights. Sabena will use them to New York, Montreal, Leopoldville and Johannesburg; and Alitalia on their Rome-London-New York flights, four times weekly. Pan American will use the Boeing Intercontinental for transatlantic flights as also will TWA and Air France.

Back in Europe, B.E.A. will use the new Comet 4B as from April on their Middle East run: direct to Rome from London, then on to Athens, Cyprus, Istanbul and Tel Aviv, as well as to Zurich, Copenhagen, Moscow, Frankfurt, Nice, Dusseldorf, Warsaw and Munich.

Olympic Airways will have Comets on their main route London, Paris, Rome, Athens, and on to Beirut and Alexandria. And next summer, both B.E.A. and Olympic Airways expect, for the first time, to operate a night flight to Athens at a reduced fare.

What is all this going to mean to the passenger, apart from getting there quicker? It may mean, eventually, a reduction of air fares all round because of the more economic speed and capacity of the aircraft; it may mean that, as flights get shorter, there will be less time to serve elaborate meals.

But I would hazard a guess that top class luxury will remain and may become lusher still.

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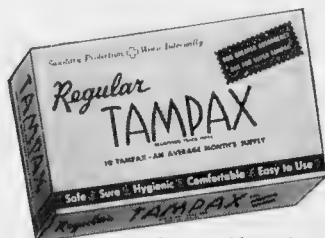
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Miss Brigid Charlotte Pike to Mr. Needham Bryan Whitfield. *She* is the daughter of Sir Theodore & Lady Pike, Glen Divis, Glencairn Road, Belfast. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. George Whitfield, of Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A.



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Miss Rosemary Broom to Mr. David Nieper. *She* is the second daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. Dick Broom, of Bledlow Ridge, Buckinghamshire. *He* is the eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. D. R. Nieper, of Lea Holme, Holloway, Derbyshire



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THE BEST OF ALL LABOUR-
SAVING ways of cooking is "en casserole." Not only does it do away with the need to dish up which was general only a few years ago, but it also minimizes washing up. It enables the young housewife with little storage space, no kitchen help, and perhaps little time, to bring to her dining-room presentable tableware in thick, heavy iron casseroles and oven glass, so decorative nowadays that not even the most houseproud hostess would hesitate to show it.

Some casseroles are supplied with stands which give them an elegance far beyond their original utilitarian purpose. These would make lovely Christmas presents—especially the iron ones which can be used either in the oven or on top of the stove!

Now that the weather is cool, I like to cook mackerel and one of the most simple and tasty dishes is *Maquereaux aux Oignons*.

EN CASSEROLE

BY HELEN BURKE

For four people, clean and bone 4 good-sized mackerel and roll the fillets in seasoned flour. Peel and chop a large Spanish onion, season it and gently simmer it in $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 oz. butter in an oval iron casserole to a pale gold. Move the onion to the sides. Place the mackerel with a little chopped parsley in the casserole and draw the onion over them. Cover and cook gently on the top of the stove for 10 to 15 minutes. If there is more "essence" than is wanted, remove the lid and let it evaporate.

For a more elaborate dish, add to the onion 2 to 3 oz. halved small unopened mushrooms and a good squeeze of lemon juice or a small glass of dry white wine, then place the mackerel in position and proceed as above. I also like very much chopped green tomatoes because they add a wonderful aroma. Allow 2 of them for 4 mackerel. Add them

after the onion, cook them a little, then draw the mixture to the sides and proceed as before.

With the mackerel, serve whipped mashed potatoes moistened with a little hot top milk and a nice lump of butter, remembering that strenuous whipping makes them whiter-than-white fluffy potatoes.

Old partridges respond to the slow stewing method and here is a good way of dealing with them. Two partridges of uncertain age will serve four people.

Fry a chopped thin rasher of streaky bacon in a casserole to extract the fat, then melt 1 oz. butter in it. Add a sliced medium-sized carrot, a sliced onion, a sliced stick of celery, a tiny pinch of powdered thyme and a small piece of bay leaf. Simmer these together for 5 to 10 minutes, then add a crushed juniper berry.

Brush the partridges with a little butter and sprinkle them with a little pepper and salt. Place them on their backs in the casserole, leave the lid off, and brown them for 10 minutes in a very hot oven (450 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 8). Reduce the well-seasoned stock from the giblets to about a Burgundy glassful and add it, with a smaller glass of dry white wine.

Turn the partridges on to their breasts, pressing them well into the vegetable mixture. Put on the lid, and, if it does not fit well

enough, put a fold of wetted grease-proof paper under it. Reduce the temperature to 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4 and bake slowly for $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours.

To serve: Rub the sauce through a coarse sieve. If it is not quite thick enough, bring it to the boil and stir in a pinch of arrowroot blended with a tablespoon of water. Bring to the boil again and it will clear at once. Taste and season further, if required.

Cut the partridges in half. Return them to the casserole and pour the sauce over them. Serve with mashed potatoes and braised celery.

Just the weather at the moment for braised ox-tail and, when you can get it, there is no better dish than *Queue de Boeuf en Hachepot*. Cut the tail into serving pieces and trim off excess fat near the root. Wash the pieces well and place them in an iron casserole with 2 unsalted pig's feet, each cut into 4 pieces. Cover with cold water, add salt to taste and bring to the boil. Skim and simmer, covered, for 3 hours.

Add 12 small hard onions and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. small whole carrots or large ones cut in rings, cover again and cook for a further hour. Finally, add a small hard cabbage, cut in quarters with the hard-core stalk removed, and continue to cook until the cabbage is done but not overdone.

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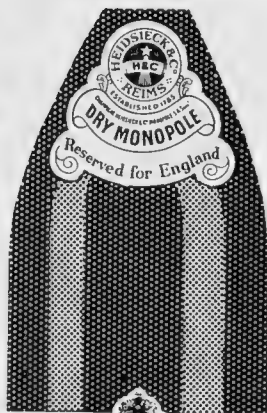


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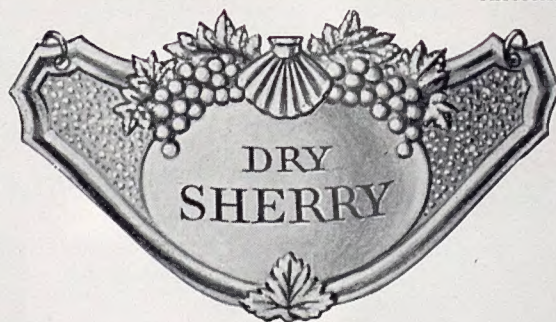




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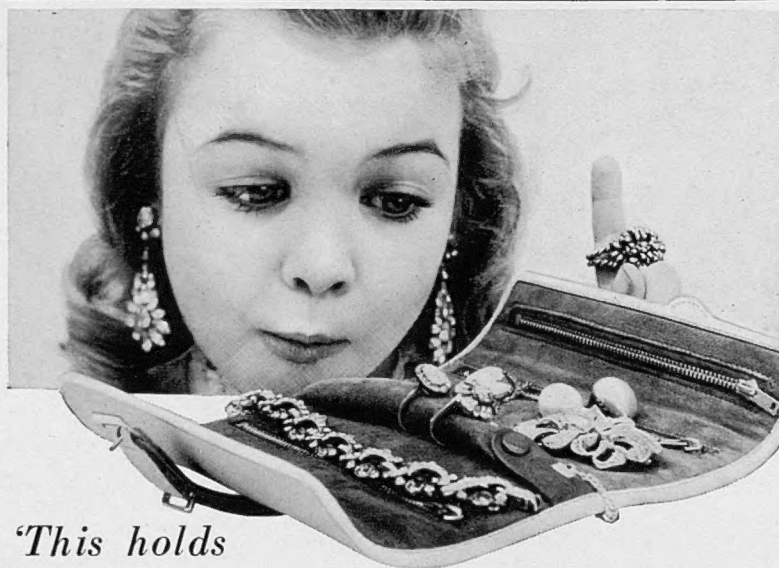
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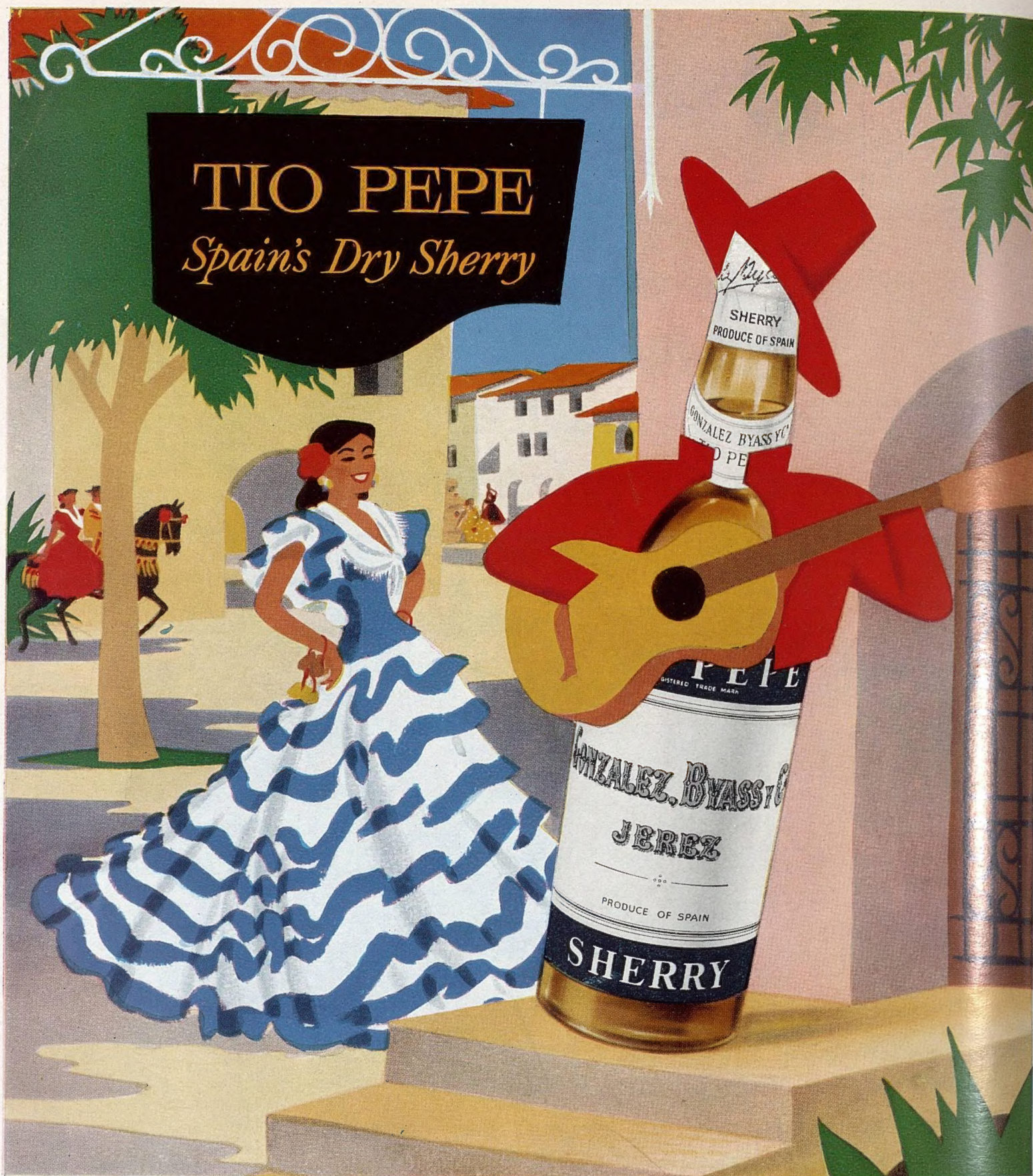
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